The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The September Bookman will be a Mrs. Gaskell Centenary Number, and will contain special and fully illustrated articles on Mrs. Gaskell by Thomas Seccombe, and on the topography of her novels by C. S. Sargisson. Other important articles in the next number will include "Recent Poetry," by Walter de la Mare; "Three Modern Seers," by Edward Thomas; "Back to the Land," by Shan F. Bullock; "Mr. Gribble's Way," by Arthur Ransome; and "Balzac," by Professor Saintsbury.

Literature and science have been honoured by the conferring of that high distinction, the O.M., on our greatest of living men of letters, Mr. Thomas Hardy (to whose genius we paid tribute in the June Bookman, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday), and by the bestowal of a similar dignity on Sir William Crookes. To Literature has fallen additional honour in the well-deserved knighthood that has been conferred on the distinguished critic, poet, and novelist who is popularly known as "Q." Sir A. T. Quiller Couch was born no farther back than 1863; he made his first success with his first book, "Dead Man's Rock," in 1887, and his latest book, "Lady Good-for-Nothing," a romance of America before the Revolution, is to be published by Messrs. Nelson this autumn in their new two-shilling series of novels.

Mr. Oliver Onions has written a new novel which he is calling "The Exception." It is a story of modern London, and will be published by Messrs. Methuen in the autumn.

Messrs. Rebman are publishing shortly a new volume by Max Nordau on "The Meaning of History." The same firm announce "Makers of Men," a study of human initiative, by Mr. Charles J. Whitby.

Under the title of "The Ship-dwellers," Mr. Bigelow Paine, the biographer of Mark Twain, has written an account of his experiences on a journey in the footprints of "The Innocents Abroad." The book will be published by Messrs. Harper, who have just issued a collection of Mark Twain's lectures and speeches, with a preface by Mark Twain and an introduction by Mr. W. D. Howells.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Sir A. T. Quiller Couch.**

Mr. Holt-White has good reason for speaking of himself as an "appallingly strenuous" writer. In the first six months of this year he published three new books: "Roosevelt the Man" (Andrew Melrose), "The People's King," being a biography of Edward VII. (Eveleigh Nash), and "Helen of All Time" (Fisher Unwin), a novel which we review elsewhere. What is more, he mentions that he is already at work on three fresh books, and all these volumes are written in what he counts as his spare time, but since he is news editor of one of the most popular of the London dailies, it follows that those intervals of leisure are neither many nor easily come by. Of his methods of thought and work and the secret of his industry he writes frankly: "I do not count myself a literary man, and am not sure that I wish to be reckoned as such, though some distinguished critics have assured me that I could really do very well if I took more time over my work. That, however, is just the trouble. I hate taking time over anything, and experience of newspapers has taught me that a thing may be done as well quickly as slowly. Such a journalist as G. W. Steevens had a brilliant literary style of his own, yet his best work was written at top speed while the paper was waiting to go to press; and I see no reason why literature should not be produced in the same way, if the subject an author handles is in tune with his own times. I am not saying there are no books that require peaceful and studious thought to the writing of them, but they are not for me. I like to deal with things that happen hurricane-wise. I love the sixty-mile-an-hour motor-car, the express elevator, swift passions and sudden endings. I like to see my books reeling out at the pace of a pilot-engine running free, and pounding home their points with the force of a steam sledge-hammer. I love work so long as it is strenuous. I have no play." If all authors wrote at the same rate, readers would not have any either. We are not going to say whether we share Mr. Holt-White's opinions or not, but we will admit that we have heard pianos played by electricity, and the consequence was music.

Messrs. Harrap & Co. are publishing "In Faery Lands Forlorn," a book of verse by Mr. Alfred Turner, editor of the *Yorkshire Evening Post*. An earlier volume of Mr. Turner's "Songs of the Sunset," which was issued by Messrs. Hewetson, met with a very favourable reception.

Mr. J. B. Harris Burland, whose new novel, "The Torhaven Mystery," has just been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, narrowly missed several other careers before he resolved to become a novelist. He is the eldest son of the late Major-General W.

Photo by Ernest H. Mills. **Mr. J. B. Harris Burland.**

Harris Burland, and, but for a severe attack of rheumatic fever soon after he had passed his first examination for Sandhurst, would have entered the service himself. After leaving Sherborne School, where he held two scholarships, he decided to take Holy Orders, and for two years studied at a theological college and won a theological scholarship at Durham University. Then he changed his plans and went to Oxford, and in his second term there won the Newdigate prize with a poem on Amy Robsart. He edited the *Isis* whilst at Oxford, and, having taken his B.A. degree, gave up all idea of going into the Church and went on the stage. After a year's experience as an actor, he became a secretary of public companies, and the financial knowledge he thus acquired was turned to good account in his novel, "The Financier." In 1902 his first novel, "Dacobra," appeared serially in England, America, and Australia, and its prompt success led to his adopting literature as a profession. He is at present staying at Hythe, and busy on another novel which will run its course serially before it comes out between covers.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Richard Whiteing.**

Mr. Richard Whiteing has been writing a number of short stories which are to appear serially in England and the Colonies. He will probably make a book of them later. By the way, Mr. Whiteing attains his seventieth birthday this month, and his numerous admirers will be glad to join us in wishing him many more years of congenial work and themselves as many more good books from him. It is now eleven years since Mr. Whiteing published the most successful of his novels, "No. 5, John Street," and then turned at last from journalism to literature. His first work in journalism, a series of social and political papers, "Mr. Sprouts: His Opinions," began to appear serially in the *Evening Star* in 1866, and anticipated the sort of dissertation that Mr. Dooley has more recently popularised. He wrote leaders for the *Evening Star*, and was in succession on the editorial staffs of the Press Association and the *Manchester Guardian*; he was Paris Correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*, the *World*, and other papers; then joined the editorial staff of the *Daily News*, from which he resigned in 1899. It is given to few men to win a brilliant reputation as a journalist, and then, on the verge of sixty, to begin afresh and make a second and a high reputation as a novelist; for though Mr. Whiteing published his two earliest novels, "The Democracy" and "The Island," in his journalistic days, it is only in the last eleven years that his books have given him among authors the place he had earned.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing in October a new novel by Mr. J. E. Patterson entitled "Tillers of the Soil." The story depicts present-day farming life in Essex, where the agricultural conditions are quite unlike anything else of the sort in the kingdom; it deals largely with village life, with the "back to the land" policy—how to keep agricultural labourers at work on the soil, the natural farmer, co-operation, and kindred matters. But first and last it is a realistic romance, and the problems it handles get their chief interest from the effect they have on the human nature of those who are concerned with them; in a large measure this story does for the toilers on land what "Fishers of the Sea" did for those who went down to the sea in ships. Another book by Mr. Patterson, "A Hero of the Sea," the life-story of Lieutenant Williams, inventor of the rocket apparatus, is also to make its appearance this autumn, and will be issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Her Majesty the Queen has accepted from the author, Mr. Sarath Kumar Ghosh, a copy of his romance, "The Prince of Destiny," which was recently published by Messrs. Rebman, and graciously informs him that she has read it with extreme interest, as a depiction of the India of to-day by an Indian, and of India's position in the Empire.

During his recent visit to Canada Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, of Cassell's, delivered an address on "Edward the Peacemaker" at the Canadian Club of Winnipeg. He was to have spoken on the subject of "A Pilgrim from the Old Country," but news of King Edward's death came just as he was leaving Toronto on his way to Winnipeg and, instead, he delivered an eloquent address on the late King, which has now been reprinted from the *Manitoba Free Press* in pamphlet form.

Messrs. Bennett & Co. (The Century Press) are publishing a series of "B.P.'s Books for Boys," which are, as the name of the series suggests, under the general editorship of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the first two volumes being Henty's "Jack Archer" and Manville Fenn's "Cormorant Crag." The books will be issued monthly, and a percentage of the receipts from sales devoted to the furtherance of the Boy Scout movement.

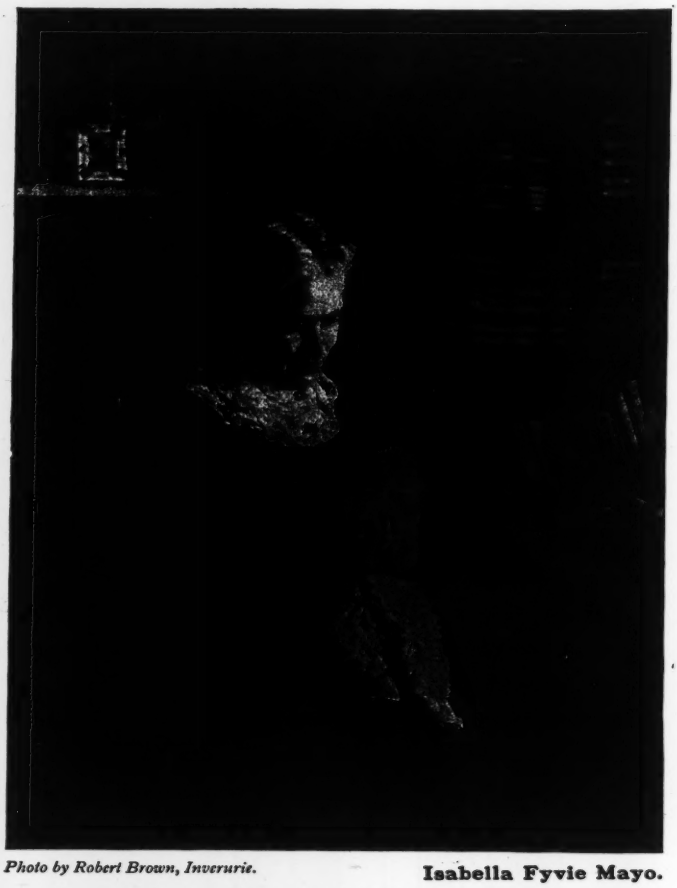


Photo by Robert Brown, Inverurie. **Isabella Fyvie Mayo.**

From "Recollections of Fifty Years" (John Murray), reviewed on page 219.

Mr. James A. Mackereth, one of the most accomplished of our younger poets, has recently published with Messrs. Longmans his fourth volume of poems, "A Son of Cain," which we are reviewing next month. Mr. Mackereth's work has won high praise from Mr. Robert Bridges, Mrs. Meynell, and other well-known poets and critics of poetry, and this latest book of his touches a higher level than he has reached before and should go far towards gaining for him the wider hearing that he merits.

Mr. John Scott Ferrier.

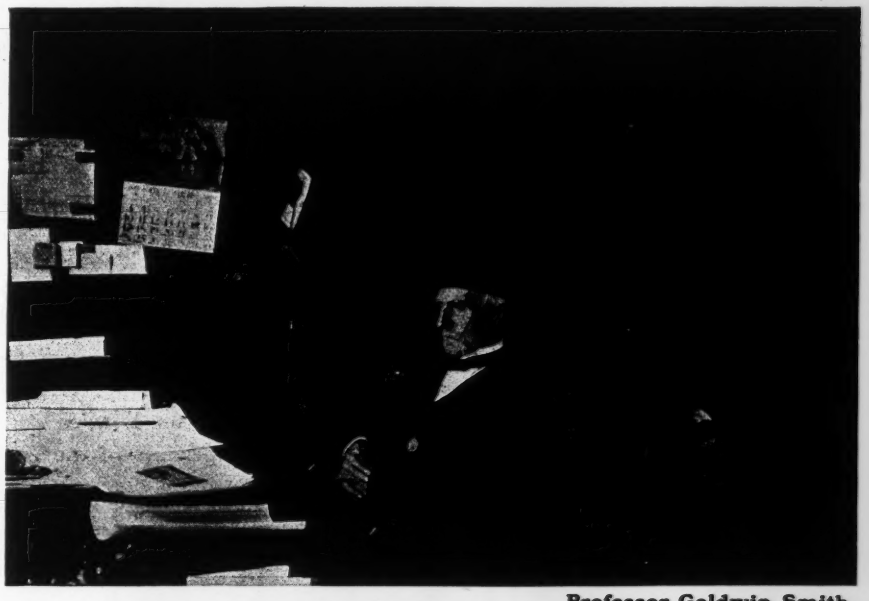
Mr. John Scott Ferrier, whose death was recorded a few weeks ago, was the senior partner in the publishing firm of Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, of Edinburgh and London. Mr. Ferrier, who was born at Brechin, started a bookselling and publishing business at Elgin when he was a young man, and later went to Edinburgh and joined the firm in association with which he has done so much notable work. He was a man of considerable literary taste; as a member of the Edinburgh School Board he did good service in the management of the educational affairs of the city during his term of office; he was for some time a Sunday-school superintendent, and had a seat at the United Free Presbytery and in the General Assembly of the United Free Church. Mr. Ferrier will be deeply missed by a very large circle of friends who held him in sincere regard.

Miss Rosa Waugh is engaged upon a book of Reminiscences of her father, the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, founder of the N.S.P.C.C., which Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish. Miss Waugh would be glad if any one having letters of interest written by her father or letters containing personal recol-

lections of him would kindly lend them to her for publication. Any such letters sent to her at 29, Glynrhondda Street, Cardiff, will be duly returned to the senders as soon as copies have been taken.

We have received the first number of the *Beau*, a new half-crown quarterly published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. It is an interesting and highly artistic production, and the editors state that their aim in it has been to please themselves, "and by so doing," they add, "we hope to please others." Another new magazine of a very different kind is the *New Children's Encyclopædia*, edited by Arthur Mee, which has now reached its sixth issue. This is practically a continuation of that successful serial the *Children's Encyclopædia*, issued monthly instead of fortnightly, and with various popular features added to its educational programme.

The Memoirs of Goldwin Smith, which we hear are to be published shortly, give a very full story of his life, beginning with his earliest days and ending with certain chapters dealing with his later years that were dictated only a few weeks before his death.



The last portrait taken of him. **Professor Goldwin Smith.**

Miss Ida A. R. Wylie, whose brilliant romance, "The Rajah's People," was published recently by Messrs. Mills & Boon and is already in its fifth edition, is quite a beginner in literature, and a very young beginner. She wrote short stories at the age of eleven, sent one of them to *T.P.'s Weekly*, and was much encouraged by the editor's prediction that she would one day "write extremely well," but was slightly daunted by his taking exception to her spelling, which was, she confesses, and still is, somewhat eccentric. She was greatly encouraged, too, by her father, who himself wrote a novel, "Tod McAlpin," which was published shortly before his death a few years ago. Five years back, at the age of nineteen, Miss Wylie made what she regards as her first serious attempt at a short story, and it was satisfactorily published and paid for. Since then she has written many stories that have appeared in the magazines of England and America. She began her first novel three years since, but put it aside unfinished, thinking it a too personal reflection of her own life at that time, and last year she wrote "The Rajah's People," a romance of India, the underlying purpose of which is to drive home the immense responsibility which rests upon the individual English man and woman in India, and among foreigners generally, as representatives of the British race. "The Rajah's People" was promptly accepted, and has been published both in England and America with immediate success.

Photo by Oscar Poeckl, Munich. **Miss I. A. R. Wylie.**

On the suggestion of her publishers Miss Wylie has written a new book, "My German Year," which Messrs. Mills & Boon are publishing. It contains

the experience gained during six years of life in Germany, and depicts people and places from an inside point of view. She has just completed her second novel, which is largely concerned with German military life, and is now at work on a book about the Black Forest; she is at present taking a holiday in a little Black Forest village and making notes "on the spot."

Mr. W. J. Wintle, who has recently resigned his position as General Manager of the Sunday School Union Publishing House and Pilgrim Press, has joined the Board of Messrs. John Ouseley, Ltd., as Managing Director.

Mrs. Humphry is about to sever her connection with *Truth*. Her lively and well-informed "Girls' Gossip," which has formed a prominent and widely appreciated feature of that paper for so many years, will be very much missed by a large circle of readers.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number we are indebted to Mr. Heinemann, Messrs. Macmillan, Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Messrs. Digby, Long & Co., Messrs. Rebman, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Mr. John Murray, and the proprietors of the *Sphere*.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—*We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions* 1, 3 *and* 4 *(the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best anagram composed from the name of any living author.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to ERIC GRANT, of 701, High Road, Tottenham, N., for the following:

STEAMSHIPS AND THEIR STORY. BY E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. (Cassell.)

"And the steward jumps up and hastens
For the necessary basins."
THACKERAY, *The White Squall.*

We also select for printing:

THE SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF PRIMORDIAL MAN. BY ALBERT CHURCHWARD. (Sonnenschein.)

"Yet in the region where they fit,
We found, to our surprise,
One pint of buttons, two big knives,
Some whiskers, and four eyes!"
ORPHEUS C. KERR, *A Great Fit.*

(A. W. Douglas, 32, Medina Road, Finsbury Park, N.)

THE CONTINUOUS HONEYMOON. BY GURNER GILLMAN. (Greening.)

"Linked sweetness long drawn out."
MILTON, *L'Allegro.*

(Rev. E. C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)

AFTERWARDS. By IAN MACLAREN.

"It's that confounded cucumber
I've eat and can't digest."
Ingoldsby Legends.

(H. Caby, The Cottage, Fordham, Cambs.)

THE DISCOVERY OF THE DEAD. By ALLEN UPWARD. (Fifield.)

"They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell."
HOOD, *Faithless Sally Brown.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

THE CHEERFUL KNAVE. By KEBLE HOWARD. (Stanley Paul.)

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me!"—*Old Song.*

(Miss Anthony Brown, Broomhill, Beckenham.)

THE DUKE'S PRICE. By DEMETRA AND KENNETH BROWN. (Constable.)

"Dukes were three a penny."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Gondoliers.*

(H. W. Cornelius, 4, Spanish Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.)

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy applicable to the literary life and taking as its question "To Write or not to Write?" is awarded to HENRY E. WILKES, of "Brockhurst," Stowmarket, Suffolk, for the following:

To write, or not to write: that is the question:
Whether 'tis wiser in the mind to stifle
The wit of Swift, the wisdom of a Plato,
Or to take pen, the grey-goose-quill of Grub Street,
Through space and time to wing them. To write: to print:
No more; and by a sonnet, say, to win
The meed of fame, the thousand jingling guineas
That fame is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To write, to print;
To print: perchance, to sell; ay, there's the rub;
For to our hopes what checks, not cheques, may come
When we have yielded our immortal scripts,
Must give us pause; there's the mischance
That maketh hay of all our fondest schemes.
For who would bear the sweat and ache of brain,
The scrivener's cramp, the attic's penury,
The post's expense, the editorial thanks,
The Philistine's contumely, and the spurns
That soaring genius of the cold world takes,
When he himself might his plain living make
With a plain shovel? Who would critics bear,
To gall and wince under their loaded knouts,
But that the hope of glory after toil,
The gilded mountain-peak of fame, to which
All travellers aspire, allures the mind,
And makes us spurn the valley, low and safe,
To scale the craggy heights we know not of?
Ambition thus makes scribblers of us all,
And thus the ruddy hue of country health
Is jaundiced over with the fogs of town,
And shilling-shockers, tit-bits, and reviews.
With this regard our genius turn awry
To win the name of author.
Soft you now!
My Lord Barabbas! Sir, in thy Spring lists
Be all my works remembered.

The best of the other parodies sent in are those by Gilbert D. Mitchell (London, S.W.), Charles H. Lamming (Bradford), Winifred Jackson (Birmingham), Harold Weston (London, W.C.), Margaret Dunkley (Wakefield), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), M. F. Lusty (Ryde, I.W.), Rev. Jas. E. Phillipson (Ramsey, I. of M.), Wilfred L. Randell (Chelsea, S.W.), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), and Beatrix Terry (London, S.W.).

III.—THE PRIZE OF TEN SHILLINGS for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to MISS IRENE POLLOCK LALONDE, of 14, Forester Road, Bath, for the following:

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By ROBERT HERRICK. (Macmillan.)

We feel almost bound to charge Mr. Herrick with being a disciple of Mr. Winston Churchill. His style and setting are almost identical with that author's. But Mr. Herrick's plot and his teachings are quite his own. He shows how a man filled with ideals is bound to fail in life, while the whole book is a cry against the survival of the fittest, the author pleading incidentally for the working-man and the "small" tradesman. Mr. Herrick writes convincingly, perhaps a trifle heavily, but throughout with such an honesty of purpose and understanding of American life that we forgive him anything.

Among the best of the large number of other reviews received are:

THE LOST VALLEY. By A. BLACKWOOD. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Ten powerfully drawn stories of the weird and uncanny. The writing is excellent, subtle, impressive, vivid. It is strong meat for the imagination. We can well imagine a twilight reading of this book leading to some thrilling dreams. Even in the sunlight the spell of the mysterious holds the reader captive. The Unknown is still the "unknown" when we finish the book, but the haunting pictures are almost real—too real for timid minds to enjoy.

(Rev. F. Balch, Montrose, N.B.)

BY TEMPLE SHRINE AND LOTUS POOL. By WILLIAM ROBINSON. (Morgan & Scott.)

The author is happy in his choice of title. It is like a "gate beautiful" opening into scenes which appeal to the reader's imagination. It is not often we get from the pen of a missionary such telling word-pictures, drawn from scenes with which he has made himself thoroughly familiar. There is a great deal which the ordinary Englishman thinks he knows about our Indian Empire, but if he reads this volume intelligently, he will become impressed with the extent of his ignorance.

(A. H. Mannington Sayers, 18, Taptonville Road, Sheffield.)

THE CAMPAIGN OF TRAFALGAR. By JULIAN. (Longmans.)

Many books have been written on this subject, but none so interesting, especially to naval men, as this. Mention Trafalgar and one thinks immediately of the immortal Nelson; but here also is matter for the statesman. We are reminded that, with the aid of the most brilliant diplomacy, Trafalgar concluded a glorious campaign in which Army and Navy shared equally, a circumstance which, without the guidance of this valuable treatise, it would be difficult to realise. We contemplate with just pride how our England, under the leadership of the younger Pitt, so successfully outwitted the mighty Napoleon.

(H. J. Dolan, 109, Kenilworth Avenue, Wimbledon Park, London.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by S. Gertrude Ford (Bournemouth), Miss Keate (London, W.C.), C. Glenlen (Waterloo, Lancs.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (London, S.E.), Mildred Hammond (Buxton), Evelyn Shears (Kingston-on-Thames), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), D. Sill (Redcar), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Emily Hunt (Llanfairfechan), Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), Richard O'Neill (Ipswich), C. F. Spencer Smith (Winscombe), Miss Anthony Brown (Beckenham), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), Harold Weston (London, W.C.), M. F. Lusty (Ryde, I.W.), Miss J. Plunket (Milford-on-Sea), L. Hope (Gosforth), E. Rippon (Hull), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Cecil Vincent (Brighton), Christabel Dutton (Ramsgate), Ethel M. Kempson (Birmingham), Joan Harvey Hall (Aboyne), Elizabeth Houston (St. Andrews), James A. Richards (Tenby), and Dorothy Dunton (Derby).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTON TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to MISS EVELYN A. PEARSON, of Heath House, Fleet, Hants.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

August 1 to September 1, 1910.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

CHURCH, PROF. A. J., M.A.—Virgil's Æneid. Illustrated by Wal Paget. Cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.
DOYLE, A. CONAN.—The Doings of Raffles Haw. 6d.
HORNUNG, E. W.—My Lord Duke. 1s. net.
ORCZY, BARONESS.—Lady Molly of Scotland Yard. 6s.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—Sir Richard Escombe. 6d.
WOOD, WALTER.—The Secret Paper. 6d.
Cassell's Famous Reward Books. First eighteen in this series:—Tom Brown's School Days, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Robinson Crusoe, Midshipman Easy, Three Midshipmen, Pilgrim's Progress, Ivanhoe, Vicar of Wakefield, Oliver Twist, Gulliver's Travels, Andersen's Fairy Tales, Swiss Family Robinson, Peter the Whaler, Westward Ho! The Sketch Book, Captain Cook's Voyages, Southey's Life of Nelson, Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I., G. Soper, C. E. Brock, Miss M. L. Attwell, E. S. Hodgson, C. Clark, R.I., and other artists. 1s. 6d. each.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.

BABBETT, IRVING.—The New Laokoon. 5s. net.
BEEBE, MARY and C. W.—Our Search for a Wilderness. 10s. 6d. net.
BELLOC, H.—Pongo and the Bull. 6s.
BISLAND, ELIZABETH.—At the Sign of the Hobby-Horse. 5s. net.
GRENFELL, W. T.—Adrift on an Ice-Pan. 2s. net.
LANCASTER, G. B.—Jim of the Ranges. 6s.
NORRIS, W. E.—Not Guilty. 6s.
SMITH, HARRY JAMES.—Enchanted Ground. 6s.

Mr. T. N. Foulis.

MACKIE, P. J., and others.—The Keeper's Book. Seventh Edition, largely re-written and enlarged, completely revised. 6s. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

COLERIDGE, S. T.—The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. 15s. net.
EBBET, M. I.—Hero Myths and Legends of the British Race. With 64 Original Plates. 7s. 6d. net.
ROLLESTON, T. W.—The High Deeds of Finn. With an Introduction by Stopford Brooke, M.A., and 16 Plates in Colour by Stephen Reid. 5s. net.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

BARR, AMELIA.—The House on Cherry Street.
GAUNT, MARY.—The Mummy Moves.
HYATT, STANLEY PORTAL.—The Law of the Bolo.
MEADOWS, ALICE MAUD.—Her Soul's Desire.
OPENSHAW, MAY.—The Cross of Honour.
SNOWDEN, KEIGHLEY.—Verity Lads.
SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Pam the Fiddler.
VERRALL, ANTHONY.—The New Commandment.

Messrs. Methuen & Co.

COX, J. CHAS.—Rambles in Surrey. 6s.
COX, J. CHAS.—Surrey. (Little Guides.) 2s. 6d. net.
DAVEY, RICHARD.—The Tower of London. 7s. 6d. net.
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—St. Quentin. 6d.
HAMER, S. H.—The Dolomites. 7s. 6d. net.
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THE READER.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

By A. St. John Adcock.

"*How* can you know whether you are successful or not at forty-one?" the grown-up Alice asks in "Alice-for-Short" when Charley Heath comes to the conclusion that he has failed in life as an artist. "How do you know you won't have a tremendous success all of a sudden? Yes—after another ten years, perhaps—but *some* time! And then twenty years of real, happy work. It has all been before, this sort of thing. Why not you?"

When that was written, it had "all been before," just before, in the case of Mr. de Morgan himself.

Five years ago William de Morgan the Novelist had not been heard of; if a prescient public had inquired for him at the bookshops it would probably have been informed that, as Betsey Prig declared of the notorious Mrs. Harris, "there ain't no sich person." One year later, however, in 1906, Mr. de Morgan came suddenly round the corner with "Joseph Vance," and the reading world became aware of him, and has been growing more and more aware of him ever since. He had already won an enduring but quieter fame as a designer and manufacturer of beautiful pottery and tiles that are greatly prized by collectors, and his turning from that art to another and entering easily, at the age of sixty-seven, on a brilliantly successful career as a novelist set a good many people talking about him as if he were a phenomenon.

Mr. de Morgan is something very much better than a phenomenon; yet in a sense he is phenomenal too. Our literary prodigies are mostly young and nearly always poets. They wake in a hurry one morning to find themselves famous, and, tired before the day is half over, usually go to sleep again a little later, realising that they have been called too early. You have young novelists also occasionally, but what becomes of them? The great novels of the world, with scarcely an exception, have been written by men who were middle-aged or more; but perhaps none has been quite so late as Mr. de Morgan in making a start, and to this extent he is, I suppose, to be accounted phenomenal.

He started late because he stayed to fill his purse before he set out to spend his money; he lived first, and then began to write about life, and his work is the richer, the riper, the truer for his having so long and full a past to draw upon. His novels are a very storehouse of his memories; places he has lived in, people he has lived among, the motley world as he has seen and known it—these are at once the sources of his inspiration and the stuff of his dreams; if there is much in his books that he has invented, there is even more that he has remembered.

Speaking of his own early fiction, Disraeli said apologetically that "books written by boys which pretended to give a picture of manners and to deal in knowledge of human nature must necessarily be founded on affectation"; they could not of course be founded on experience or a sufficient acquaintance with mankind to make them more than interesting. There are scenes in Mr. de Morgan's novels—in three out of the four, at all events—that, if a young man had written them, might have been merely squalid and repellent, might have been shrewdly observed and cleverly presented, with something of cynical detachment or with gushes of pretty and false sentimentality; but they could not have been handled with the largeness of comprehension, the easy charity, the kindly humour and whimsical, gracious forbearance that are the fruit of knowledge only and that enable Mr. de Morgan to feel and reveal the whole truth instead of but half of it—the piteousness as well as the baseness of his grimmest incidents and most degraded characters. He is not one of your hasty

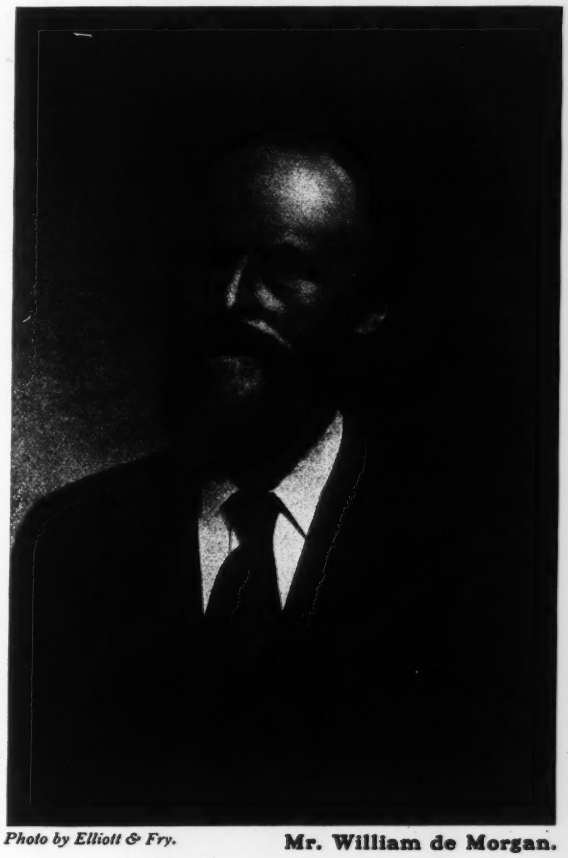
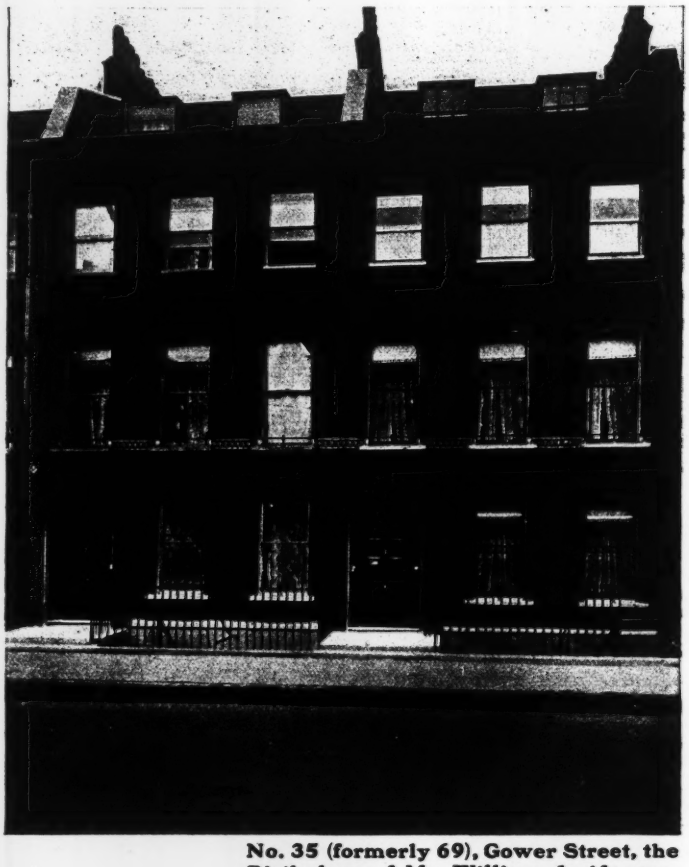


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. William de Morgan.**

artists who flatter themselves that they know life because they have spent an evening at the show comfortably looking on and forming impressions; he has taken part in the troublesome performance, has been behind the scenes and studied the hero after he has laid aside his vizor, talked with the double-dyed villain and the shoddy adventuress by their own firesides, and had glimpses into the hearts of them. As a consequence, his good people are never too good, and you do not wholly blame his sinners when he has told you all about them. He has seen enough of life to be always ready to make allowances and never ready to condemn or despise. He draws you some besotted human creature with a most unflinching realism, then changes your abhorrence into sympathy and compassion by showing you in a luminous paragraph or two what the poor wretch used to be and how he grew to be the thing he is.

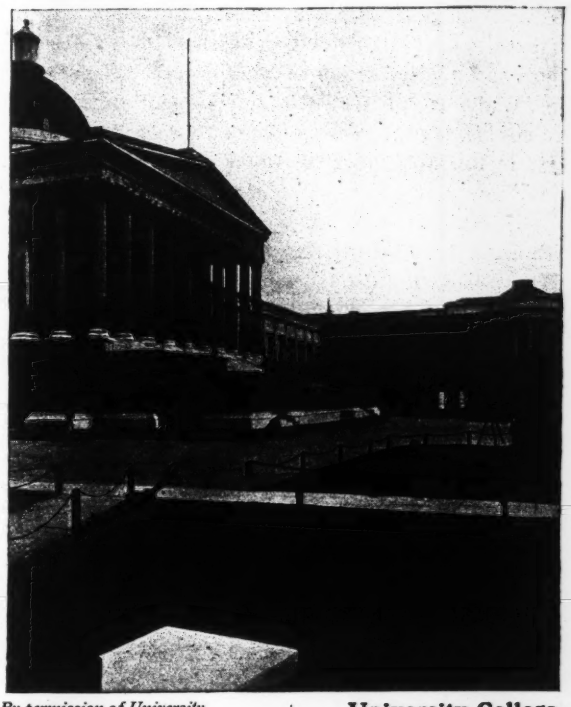
Augustus de Morgan.
The father of Mr. William de Morgan.

This profound tenderness for human weakness is an undertone through all his books. Even the egregious Mrs. Steptoe "had had great trials to excuse the shortness of her temper," and I doubt if there is any more simply and naturally pathetic episode in fiction than that which closes the maimed life of Mrs. Kavanagh, the mother of Alice-for-Short. You first make Mrs. Kavanagh's acquaintance when she and her husband and the small Alice are living in that "extensive basement with cellarage" at No. 40, —— Street, Soho, and Alice, sent to buy the beer, has broken the jug. Mr. Kavanagh works down there as a sort of jobbing tailor, and his wife chars and looks after the offices and rooms upstairs. He sustains himself with beer, she with spirits, and the result is squalor and frequent quarrels. One night after Alice has gone to bed in that cold cell where the cistern is, and where you hear curious hissings and chucklings at intervals when the water comes in, she falls asleep listening to her mother nagging and irritating her father, much as usual, but is wakened by a horrifying shriek. In a moment of drunken fury Kavanagh has struck the woman a fatal blow with the coal-hammer, and in the subsequent confusion he frenziedly commits suicide. From the thick of these horrors Charley Heath, the spectacled artist upstairs, carries Alice off to his father's house in Hyde Park Gardens, to leave her in charge of his sister Peggy, one of the most piquant of the various charming girls that live in Mr. de Morgan's pages, and Peggy falls in love with the little maid and resolves that she shall not go back to that awful mother of hers even if she recovers. Next day, Dr. Johnson comes round from the hospital to say that the woman has rallied, knows her husband is dead, and is fidgeting about the child, and when Charley protests that the child should not be taken to see her because "really, my dear sir, the woman was such an awful woman. . . . A regular Jezebel—a drunken virago just on the edge of delirium tremens. A horrible hag!" the doctor is surprised and remarks that this was also the impression of the house-surgeon and nurse who saw her when she was first brought in, but she does not seem the least like that now to him. So Peggy, strongly prejudiced, accompanies little Alice to the hospital, fully expecting to find there the horrible, dehumanised wretch of the day before yesterday, but the shock of recent happenings has resurrected the woman as she used to be in the years that are long gone. She was the daughter of a Camden Town publican and had served behind his bar until her marriage with Samuel Kavanagh, one of the customers. Kavanagh was a sober enough fellow then; he opened a tailoring shop of his own, and for a while they had been hopeful and very happy; then the business began to go wrong, and her health was broken by the bearing of many children, and so the end began. This much the reader



No. 35 (formerly 69), Gower Street, the Birthplace of Mr. William de Morgan.

"After a short tour in Normandy we settled at our first home, 69, Gower Street. . . . Our house was so near the College that my husband could come home in the intervals between his morning and afternoon lectures."
From "Memoir of Augustus de Morgan," by his wife, Sophia Elizabeth de Morgan. (Longmans.)



By permission of University College Committee.

University College, Gower Street.

Mr. William de Morgan went to University College School, 1849 to 1855, and afterwards to the College, where his father, Augustus de Morgan, was Professor of Mathematics.

has learned already, but Peggy is unaware of it as yet, and still looks upon Mrs. Kavanagh with an excusable loathing.

"At half-past ten next morning Alice found herself standing by something on a bed in an enormous roomful of beds, with Miss Peggy beside her telling her that that was her mother. For Alice found it hard to make out what was that colourless figure with the head bound up in bandages, like a sort of mummy, that lay so still and spoke so low. And then presently she saw that it was mother sure enough, though she spoke unlike her, and very slowly, and never moved her head, only her eyes.

"'Is that Alice?'

"'Please, mother, yes,' said Alice, and was frightened at the sound of her own voice.

"'It was the drink——' The woman got thus far—then seemed to stop less for want of something to say than from not knowing exactly to whom she was speaking. Peggy detected this, and sitting down by the bed placed her hand on the colourless hand that lay outside the cover-lid. It moved slightly towards her in response—and her eyes followed the movement.

"'I don't know, ma'am, who——' she began, and Peggy supplied the information she was framing her speech to ask.

"'Mr. Heath's sister, on the first floor——.' Peggy was colloquial, but people are, in real speech. It is only in books they talk like books.

"'Mr. Heath in the spectacles—kind to Alice—I was not.'

"'Alice hasn't said so, Mrs. Kavanagh. Alice says you were often very kind.' This was quite unwarranted, but Alice confirmed it with nods.

"'Mr. Heath was kind,' says her mother, avoiding the point. 'He was kind when Alice broke the jug—the jug we found in the little cellar—— Is that him?'

"'No. This is Dr. Johnson.' . . .

"The voice of the woman drops, and Peggy stoops to catch what she is saying. She speaks with much effort, but clearly and consecutively:

"'You will wonder, miss, but I would like to tell you'—Peggy nods go on. 'It was the drink—it was all the drink. My mother was good, but she died of it. It was one story alike—for her and for me.' She paused a second. Best not to hurry her, thought Peggy. 'She'd had six,' she went on. 'And she wasn't the strong woman I was, at the first go off.'

"Peggy felt the whole tale was told, for both, but she let her finish it her own way.

"'I had been a total abstainer, miss, from fear of it. And Samuel, I made him a total too, or near upon it. It made him some happy days, and made me.'

"'But what was it made you give it up?'

"'What can a woman do, miss, when her strength is not enough? And when the doctor comes and says, "You must drink stout"—"You must take port"——? It began so with her—it began so with me! And what could you hope from a man, but follow on——?'

"'Oh, Mrs. Kavanagh! I am so sorry for you. I see it all—so plain!'

"The woman dropped her voice to a whisper. 'Does the child know? Does Alice know?'

"'About her father? I don't know. She knows he is dead.'

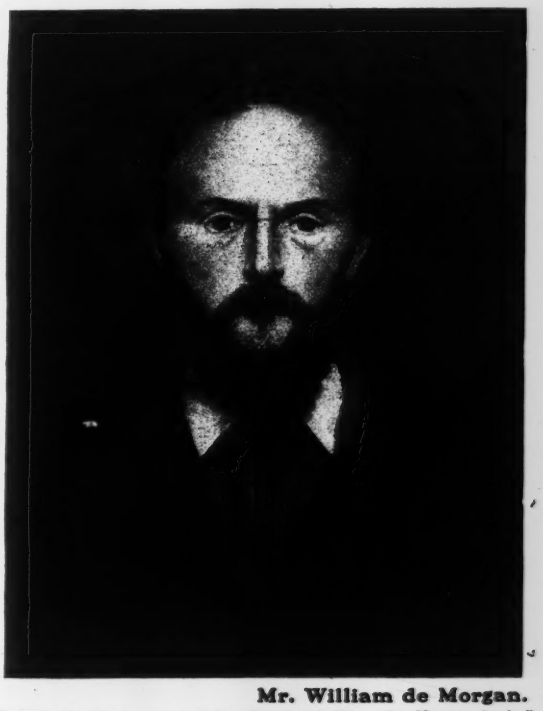
"'When she is old enough to understand, will you tell her all?'

"'You mustn't talk like that, Mrs. Kavanagh. The doctors say you will get up, and be yourself again.'

"'Not to trust to, miss. Much best the other way. Much best.' . . .

"A nursing sister comes up and thinks the patient has talked enough. Her temperature will go up if she talks any more. Peggy says, 'Kiss your mother, Alice,' and facilitates her doing so. And mother feels like a bit of cold wood to Alice. And then Alice thinks she must be dreaming. For the beautiful young lady, the incredible being who has come like a strange revelation into Alice's life, herself stoops and kisses the cold wooden image and says, 'Good-bye, Mrs. Kavanagh. God bless you!' And the image repeats, 'God bless *you*, miss. Tell Alice.' And then they go away."

No young writer could have written that. Its whole



Mr. William de Morgan.

From the frontispiece portrait in colour in "It Never Can Happen Again." (Heinemann.)

Miss Mary Augusta de Morgan.

The sister of William de Morgan. She wrote "The Choice of Chance," a novel, "On a Pincushion," and other books of fairy tales. Miss de Morgan died at Cairo in 1906.

power lies in its sheer truthfulness; there is no attempt at all at fine writing or idealised dialogue. I recall pathetic passages from many great novels, but can think of none that is freer from artifice than this, none that is more quietly effective, more touching in its bare simplicity of narration, its underlying sense of tragedy, its covert understanding of and pity for human error.

I.

The only reference to Mr. William de Morgan in the admirable biography his mother wrote of his father is this: "In November our eldest son, William Frend de Morgan, was born." He was born in 1839, at what was then No. 69 (and is now 35), Gower Street. His father, Augustus de Morgan, was a very remarkable personality, a brilliant mathematician and logician, who took an active interest in the founding of University College, Gower Street, where he was the first Professor of Mathematics, and held his Chair for some five-and-thirty years.

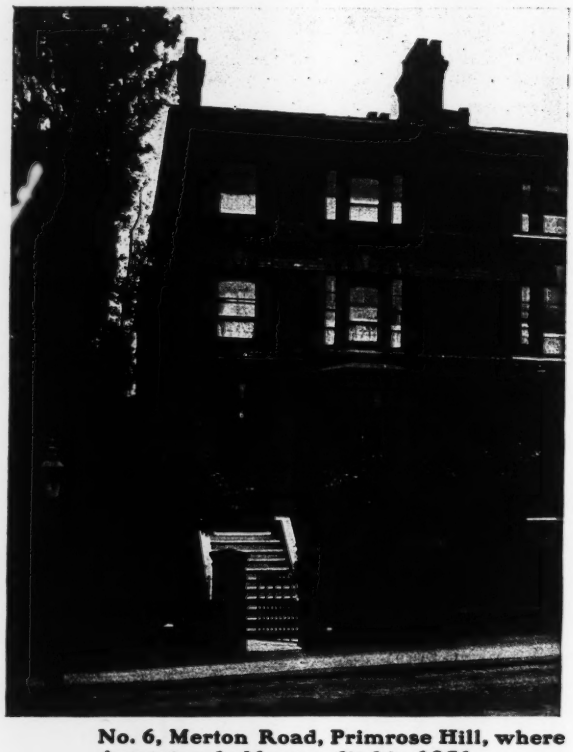
On his father's side Mr. de Morgan is the great-great-grandson of a Frenchman who and whose descendants down to Augustus de Morgan's generation were soldiers in the East India Company's Service; that earliest of these ancestors being sometime Governor of Fort George, Madras. He had joined the army as a private soldier in 1745; was presently Sergeant de Morgan, and shortly afterwards Captain, having distinguished himself in action. On the same side, one of Mr. de Morgan's female ancestors was a Dane; otherwise he is as true-born an Englishman as ever Defoe was. It seems probable that his father inherited his mathematical faculty from his mother, who was a grand-daughter of James Dodson, a noted mathematician in his day, Mathematical Master at Christ's Hospital, and author of the "Mathematical Canon." The family of Mr. de Morgan's mother, Sophia de Morgan, has been described as intensely English—she came of the Frends of Canterbury and the Blackburnes of Yorkshire, numbering among her relatives Archdeacon Blackburne, who was in turn connected with that picturesque personality Launcelot Blackburne, aforetime Archbishop of York.

When he was ten years old William de Morgan went to University College School, and six years later passed from the school into University College, where he remained for three years. At this period all his inclinations were towards art; he took lessons in drawing at Cary's old school in Streatham Street, Bloomsbury, and in 1859 became a pupil in the R.A. Schools. He does not deny that certain incidents of Charley Heath's youth, in "Alice-for-Short," are derived from his remembrances of those days; but he does deny that Joseph Vance's school has any connection with his own school memories. "St. Withold's," to which Joseph was sent, in that first book of his, is an impression produced upon the novelist by many tales told to him by old boys of their old schools; and if you read the account of Augustus de Morgan's school life, in his biography, you will amuse yourself with a notion that his father was one of those old boys.

Three or four years later, whilst he was still under twenty-five, Mr. de Morgan devoted himself to stained glass work, and continued in that occupation until 1871, when some experiments he was conducting in pottery in the cellar of No. 40, Fitzroy Square, led to the roof of that house being burned off. After which disaster he took a house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, two doors from Carlyle's, and built a kiln in the back garden, which has now been replaced by a laundry. Subsequently, he removed to Orange House, Chelsea, which was pulled down by-and-by to make way for the Roman Catholic Church which has risen on its site.

In 1882 Mr. de Morgan transferred his work to Merton Abbey, near Morris & Co.'s factory; and thence, in partnership with Mr. Halsey Ricado, the architect, he removed to Wandsworth Bridge, where the business expired slowly five or six years back, the beautiful house which Mr. Ricado built for Mr. Debenham in Addison Road absorbing in its internal decoration a great deal of the remainder stock of the defunct firm.

A bewildering lot of nonsensical inaccuracy has been published about Mr. William de Morgan, especially in

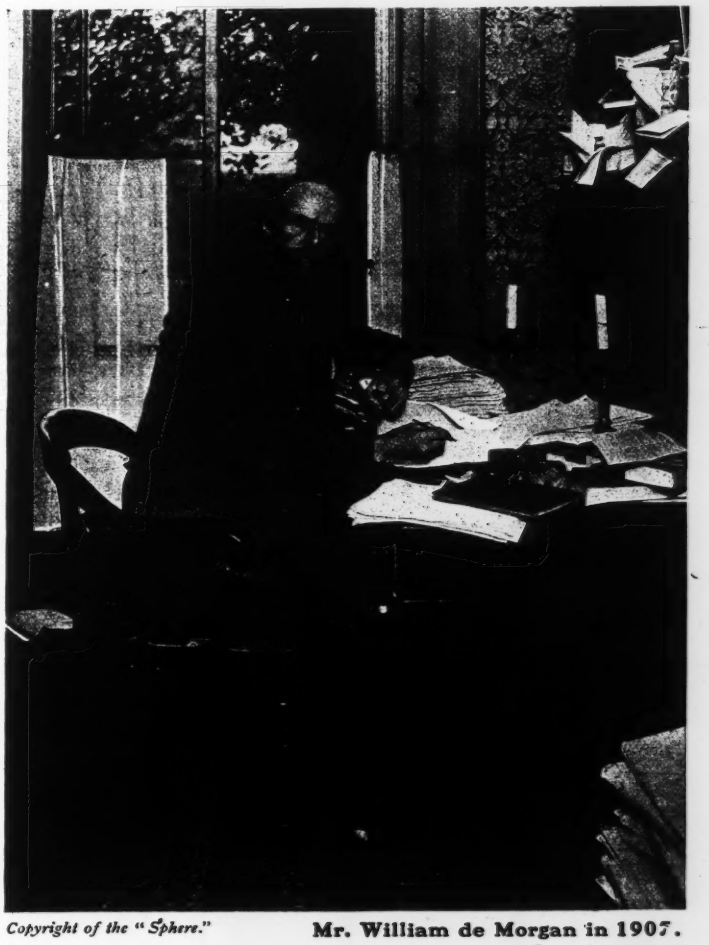


No. 6, Merton Road, Primrose Hill, where Augustus de Morgan died in 1871.

"We moved in the summer (1868) to 6, Merton Road, near Primrose Hill, a house which he said was the most comfortable he had been in since our marriage."

From "Memoir of Augustus de Morgan," by his Wife. (Longmans.)

America: such as that he inherited a pottery business from his father, who was a Professor of Mathematics in Edinburgh; and that he was a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is true he studied painting, and in 1877 he illustrated a book of fairy stories, "On a Pincushion," written by his sister, Mary de Morgan; but the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood belonged almost to a previous generation. He knew several members of it, but was never one of them, and has always considered the term has been used with less reference to its meaning than almost any other known expression. Even the young artists who in the 'fifties chose the name for themselves do not, in his judgment, seem to have been influenced by any note taken of the ways of those artists who lived before Raphael, and the Art Critic throws the hapless word about quite at random.



Copyright of the "Sphere." **Mr. William de Morgan in 1907.**

Another inaccurate idea that appears to have gained some currency is that the pottery business stopped for lack of customers; various other causes played a more potent part in bringing about its discontinuance; and it was in the leisure which thus came to him that Mr. de Morgan sat down, at the age of sixty-five, to write "Joseph Vance." So far as I can ascertain, his first appearance in print was with a paper on "Lustre Ware" which was published in the Journal of the Society of Arts for June 24, 1892. Until he came to write "Joseph Vance" he had never attempted fiction or thought of doing so; indeed, had the project been suggested to him, he would have said it was absolutely impossible for him to do anything in that direction. When he began "Joseph Vance" he says he did so merely "for a lark, as it were," and he put the opening chapter aside when it was done because he thought his indebtedness to Dickens was too palpable to be allowed to pass. He has a modest—I think an all-too-modest—estimate of his own writings, and insists on ascribing whatever merit they possess to the early and late influence of Charles Dickens. If a reviewer says he has imitated Dickens, that gratifies him entirely, unless the meaning is that his imitation is a failure. He himself fancies he can trace the Dickens influence in nearly every page of his books; but he is quick to add that he cannot be sure whether it may not be his vanity that makes him see such resemblances; for, anyhow, he places Dickens, and has always placed him, above every other modern English novelist whatsoever.

Yet another mistaken rumour is that "Joseph Vance" went the round of the London publishing houses before it was accepted. The fact is that when the MS. returned from the first publisher to whom it was offered, it was put away in a drawer until accident led to its being shown to another publisher, who read and was so taken with the story that, though he did not see his way to the heavy undertaking of publishing a novel of that unusual length, he carried it off, and submitted it to Mr. Heinemann, who accepted it at once. Long as the book remains, it is interesting to know that in its original form it was much longer, and that before it went to press Mr. de Morgan curtailed it, cutting away some of Lossie's letters near the beginning, and removing quite a considerable incident, an account of another love affair of Lossie's sister.

II.

There is something particularly pleasant in Mr. de Morgan's hero-worship of Dickens, and the enthusiastic warmth of feeling with which he insists upon his indebtedness to him; and to many of us whose most impressionable years date no farther back than the early 'eighties, that enthusiasm of his will seem in no way strange nor difficult to appreciate. For myself, I can remember how completely I was then subdued to the Master's spell. London was still the London he had known; prototypes of the characters that are immortalised in his pages still walked the streets, or carried on business in odd corners; I know how I could not see life in those days except as he had shown it to me; his hand was over everything; his eager personality was still alive in the very atmosphere of the place, and one was so really conscious of his presence that if he had gathered himself together out of the air and I had

met him one day in the Strand, carrying his small black bag, and hurrying from Charing Cross to the offices of *Household Words*, I don't believe I should have been unduly startled, until I came to think of it afterwards. Since he could so work upon new readers, some ten or a dozen years after his death (and I have only given my own experience because it was the experience of so many), how wonderfully and irresistibly he must have impressed those who were young in his world whilst he was still building it, especially those who were brought up in a home where he was already a household god, and each new book of his exercised a happy and vital influence.

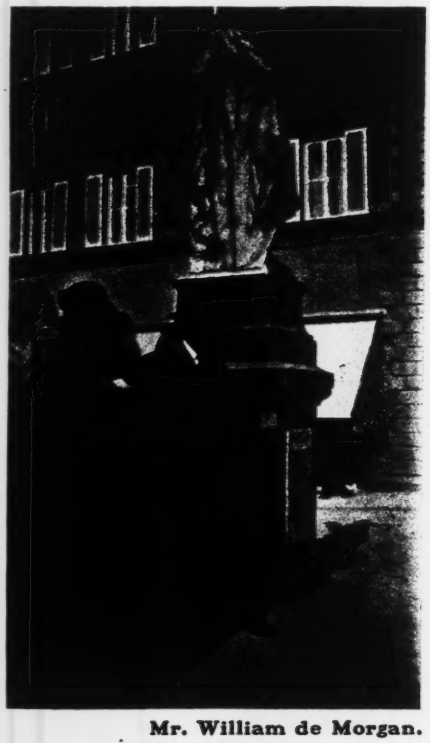
Writing of Augustus de Morgan in her biography of him, his wife says: "He liked reading to me when we could get anything likely to please us both, so I heard several of Dickens's novels from beginning to end. They came out in monthly parts, and he would say, 'We shall have a Pickwick (or whatever it might be) to-morrow'; and on the first day of the publication we had read and commented upon it." They had a dispute about the identity of one of the persons in one of the "Nicholas Nickleby" illustrations, and "the dispute ran so high that it could only be settled by an appeal to head-quarters"; so Augustus de Morgan wrote to Dickens as from "a lady and gentleman who being husband and wife seldom agreed about anything, though they were in one mind in admiration of the novel," and Dickens replied confirming her husband's impression; consequently, writes Mrs. de Morgan, "he was triumphant and I crestfallen." Later, Augustus de Morgan met Dickens at Broadstairs, and "the meeting gave pleasure to both"; for you have but to read his letters, and his delightful "Budget of Paradoxes," to realise that the father of William de Morgan must have been a man after Dickens's own heart.

He was no Professor of the dry-as-dust species; in his letters he contrives to get a good deal of fun even out of mathematics. He had a quaint, freakish genius for drollery that would have delighted Thomas Randolph or Lamb, and was the sort of man who would have shared Randolph's faith that laughter is a fit object for poetry to aim at, for

> "'tis a property
> In man essential to his reason."

A strong, lovable personality, large-minded and large-hearted, his keen and overflowing sense of humour enabled him to carry his learning lightly, and his humanitarian spirit and breadth of sympathy made him at least as interested in life as in books. If William de Morgan owes much to the influence of Dickens, he owes as much or perhaps more to that of his father. It is curious to come fresh from reading "A Budget of Paradoxes" and the life and letters of Augustus de Morgan to a reading of "Joseph Vance" and the rest of the novels and note to what extent Mr. William de Morgan has inherited not only divers of his father's ideas, prejudices, opinions, and something of his peculiar humour, but much of his manner of expressing these; he writes in much the same easy-going colloquial, anecdotal style, with the same leisurely discursiveness, the same out-spokenness and prevailing touch of whimsicality, the same minuteness of observation and quick eye for oddities of character. You find both men also intensely interested in occultism, both greatly attracted by the mysteries of the spirit-world and ghostly appearances; the father's mind ran frequently upon such themes, and he took an active interest in psychical research; and there are references to spirits, spiritualism, table-rapping, psychical research in each one of William de Morgan's books.

I had intended giving a number of quotations in illustration of all this, but can see that I shall not have space for a tithe of the passages I have marked. A few of the shorter ones, however, and some notes on the tastes and idiosyncrasies of Augustus de Morgan may amply answer the purpose for those who have read the novels or are reading them. In his youth Augustus de Morgan had an insatiable appetite for novel-reading —"almost any work of fiction was welcome, provided it had plenty of incident and dialogue and was not oversentimental"; he remarks in one of the letters written a few months before his death that he used to read an enormous deal of fiction. He inherited, says his biographer, a love of city life from his mother, "who declared that a night in a country house with 'the dreary trees moaning all round' made her sleepless"; and this, from one of his letters, may serve as a rough indication of his powers of observation and character-study:



Mr. William de Morgan.
Taken in Florence.
(By courtesy of Mr. Heinemann.)

"Thence got I to Cambridge inside a coach with a lady whose history I wormed out of her, agreeably to a talent I have for doing those things when I like, which you will admit when I tell you that in a ride of twenty-five miles I ascertained that she had married when very young an officer of 1st Light Dragoons, with him had gone to India, was stationed at Bangalore, where she travelled; how he died, she came home, and married the vicar of some place which I now forget; and, having stayed at some place, which I equally forget, was now moving, with furniture following in a waggon, and husband deposited outside

Mr. William de Morgan.
(By courtesy of Mr. Heinemann.)

the coach, to take possession of his living, first stopping to dine with a friend, whose name I forget. I also ascertained which of all my cousins in India she had danced with in her day, which was instructive to know. These and a great many other things did I ascertain; so you may see that if I am not communicative myself, I know how to make other people so when they do not know what I am at."

Mr. William de Morgan would seem to have this identical gift for worming their histories out of people and to take the same pleasure in probing for and getting at and setting down all the little details that count for so much in the realistic presentation of life and character. That whole passage about the coach ride is in tone and manner so like William de Morgan's that if proof of its authorship were lacking those critics who are not afraid to judge by internal evidences of style might unhesitatingly ascribe it to his pen. It is easy to push comparisons of this sort too far or one might say something of the many references that occur in the novels to Euclid and mathematics; the contempt that both Augustus de Morgan and his son have expressed for competitive examinations; the similarity of their views on the problems of death and a future life, and other such matters; but even more interesting is the harmony that exists between their styles of expression: their readiness to make use of vivid or amusing slang terms, their fondness for writing in familiar, conversational English, their way of laughing over what they are in earnest about, and of fantastically burlesquing academic theories and disputes.

There is a letter from Augustus de Morgan to Captain Smyth in which he declines to be President of the Astronomical Society, supplies a serio-humorous list of desirable officers and their qualifications, putting himself down as one of the Secretaries: "A. de Morgan—well enough in his way, but cranky—for miscellaneous work, from wax candles to Council Minutes"; and concludes by insisting that Sir John Herschel must be their President because "the President must be a man of brass—a micrometer-monger, a telescope-twiddler, a star-stringer, a planet-poker, and a nebula-nabber." Another letter, to Dr. Whewell, speaks of Roger Bacon, and airily continues: "Bacon is a queer name, but there seems to be a providence which watches over names and makes the great men have bearable sounds. None of the hypotheses that, be the names what they may, the exploits will sanctify them in time! If Bacon and Newton had been Wiggins and Figgins, would any time have taken off the ridicule of the rhyme? Could anybody with a grave face have argued the question whether the immortal Figgins was or was not indebted to the great Wiggins?" When a vacancy arose at University College, in 1866, James Martineau was candidate for the Chair of Mental Philosophy and Logic; it was acknowledged that he was the best qualified of all the applicants, but he was rejected on the ground that he was a Unitarian, and as a protest against this introduction of religious tests Augustus de Morgan resigned his Professorship, and his fine and forcible letters on this occasion I had also marked for quoting, notably the one in which he refused to allow his old pupils to put up a bust or portrait of him in the College that had so fallen below his ideal of it, and said, "I will avoid detail. I may be writing to some who think that the recent transaction is a reparable dilapidation, or even to some who approve of it. To me the College is like a Rupert's drop with a little bit pinched off the small end; that is, a heap of dust." All these extracts, the

No. 40, Fitzroy Square.

In the basement of which Mr. William de Morgan worked as an artist in stained glass, and afterwards conducted experiments in the making of pottery. This is the original of the haunted house in "Alice-for-Short," No. 40, —— Street, Soho, where Alice lived in the basement.

last with its simile in particular, are exactly in the William de Morgan vein.

Reverting to the subject of spiritualism, in a letter of 1853 Augustus de Morgan writes an account of a séance he attended where an American lady, Mrs. Hayden, acted as medium and some table-rapping experiments were attended with extraordinary results. In a letter of 1869, he reiterates his belief in the reality of psychic phenomena and gives a curious case in point:

"An actuary, a man of science and keen searcher after old printing, married a second cousin of mine. He was a cheerful and kind-hearted man, but to all appearance as thoroughly unspiritual a man as could be. . . . His wife, to whom he was devoted, died, and he himself fell into a weakly state. I used to sit with him by the hour. A few weeks before his death I found him debilitated by a long conference he had had with a lady about a dinner she had to give: this merely to show that his mind was not turned to the subject of death by anything external. He suddenly turned to me and said, 'De Morgan, my wife is often with me.' I was astonished, not at the phenomenon, but at *his* being the recipient. 'Often?' said I. 'Every evening,' said he, 'and oftener.' 'Do you see her?' said I. 'No,' said he, 'but *I feel her presence*.' By these three words hangs a long tale."

The mother of William de Morgan, Sophia Elizabeth Frend, was a woman of fine intellectual gifts and considerable literary capacity. In addition to writing that biography of her husband, she wrote a volume dealing with spiritual phenomena, "From Matter to Spirit," and a delightful book of personal reminiscences, "Three-score Years and Ten," which was edited by her daughter, Mary, and published in 1895. She was born in 1809 at the Rock Insurance Office, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, her father, William Frend, being actuary of that Society, and the family temporarily residing there. He, too, like the man who was to be his son-in-law, was a distinguished mathematician; he had sacrificed "good prospects as a clergyman to his conscientious scruples about certain of the creeds and articles of the Established Church." Numbered among his friends were such men as Sir Francis Burdett, Taylor the Platonist, Coleridge, Crabb Robinson, Dr. George Birkbeck, Campbell, George Dyer, Lamb, who wrote two poems in Miss Sophia's album, and Blake, whom she once met as she was walking with her father in the Strand, when she was about ten years old.

William Frend lived in an old house at Stoke Newington that had formerly been the residence of Daniel Defoe; it was here, when she was nineteen, that his daughter first met Augustus de Morgan, who in spite of his learning and his reputation as a rising man in scientific circles soon proved that he could rival her "in his love of fun, fairy tales, and ghost stories." There is this true ghost story of her own related in her Reminiscences: Among her father's guests was a rich Jewish merchant, and one night, going away after the company had indulged in a discussion of Life, Death and the Other World, he remarked, "Good night, my dear Sophy; when I go I will come and tell you all about it." Next day he was taken ill, and a week or two later died. She slept in an old room that had a large sky-lighted closet in one corner from which tradition said Defoe used to escape when his political enemies were after him, and on the night of the Jewish merchant's death, just as she was falling asleep, she was roused, she says, "by what I cannot call a noise, it was so weird, eerie and indefinite." The curtains fluttered; she was aware of a sort of breathing round the bed, and was vividly "conscious of a presence" on one side of it. This lasted until morning. She had not recalled her dead friend's jesting promise till after this happened; each night she had the same strange experience until it so unnerved her that she had to change her room.

After her marriage, she had a large share in the formation of Bedford College; was always in sympathy with the movement for the higher education of women, and persuaded her husband to join her in advocating female suffrage. Whilst they lived in Camden Street she took a very practical interest in the subject of Workhouse Reform; "from the poor people of the neighbourhood," her daughter says in a preface to the Reminiscences, "she heard piteous accounts of the treatment they received at the poorhouse." She used to visit the workhouse wards and formed a committee of women who arranged to make such visits periodically, and she initiated a society for providing playgrounds

No. 54, Great Marlborough Street.

Where William de Morgan & Co. sold tiles and pottery. This was formerly the house of Mrs. Siddons, and contains the large ball-room on the ground floor which is described in "Alice-for-Short" as being in No. 40, —— Street, Soho.

for the poor of the slums. You catch the merest glimpse of her in Allingham's Diary, that was published by Macmillan's three years ago. He records a meeting and a conversation in his note-book fashion, under date April 27, 1887: "I visit Carlyle statue. Mrs. de Morgan (sweet-looking old lady) and Mary. 'Spiritualism.—The Hazlemere people whose fire is lighted by ghosts.'" She died in Cheyne Row in 1892, over eighty years of age, still alertly interested in the world about her, and to the last open to new thoughts and welcoming new ideas.

The House at No. 1, The Vale, King's Road, Chelsea,
where Mr. de Morgan lived until last year, when The Vale was demolished.

III.

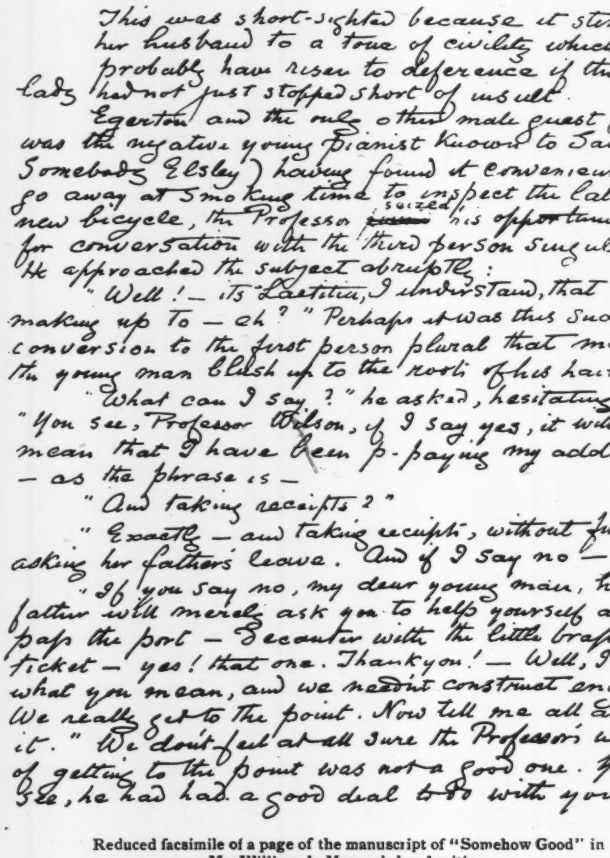
When you consider the stimulating influences that were thus around him, forming his character and cultivating his tastes and his temperament throughout his most plastic and susceptible years, and calculate the unique inheritance that must have descended to him from such an ancestry, you begin to recognise that Mr. William de Morgan is no phenomenon but a natural evolution. His Muse is Mnemosyne, goddess of memory, mother of all the Muses. He has so deftly mingled reality and invention in his novels, so coloured and modified facts in the crucible of his imagination, that it is impossible to keep track of him when he is travelling back through the world of his remembrance; but that much of his books has been fashioned consciously or unconsciously out of his past experiences, that something of them has grown out of his interest in the subjects that were common topics of discussion in the home of his boyhood there can be no doubt, as he would be first to acknowledge. His mother's work in the slums and the workhouses, those piteous stories she heard from the poor—you may depend he has had hints and promptings from these things for those masterly pictures of mid-Victorian poverty and hardship that fill memorable pages in "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short." And when I read in "Somehow Good" how the octogenarian Colonel Lund in his last illness sees his old friend Major Roper by his bedside a minute after the Major has been killed out of doors in the fog, or in "It Never Can Happen Again" how Blind Jim hears little Lizerann cry "Pilot!" as usual when she comes to lead him home, and rushes out to meet her, at a time when she is lying dead far off, I am reminded of how Sophia de Morgan in her girlhood and that actuary-friend of Augustus de Morgan were also revisited by the dead; of that similar story of how his other friend, Dr. Briggs, at Madras, saw the ghost of his sister and knew that she had died; of the record of how he himself, in the last two days of his life, saw the spirits of his three dead children, his mother, and his sister, and greeted them by name. I recall these and other such instances when I read that splendidly imaginative episode of the ghosts in "Alice-for-Short"—for no man who had not grown up with a belief in such occult happenings in the very blood and bones of him could ever have made that whole episode so natural, so credible, so simply convincing, bringing back as it does certain shadowy, tragic personalities of the eighteenth century to play a potent part in an essentially realistic romance of the nineteenth.

Little Joey Vance's talent for mathematics is discovered by Dr. Thorpe by an accident that closely repeats the accident by which Mr. Hugh Standert of Taunton discovered the same talent in the young Augustus de Morgan; but if there is a strain of Augustus de Morgan in Joe, there is more than a little of him in Dr. Thorpe himself. In a hundred and one such small details, a half light here and a less than half light there, one suspects that Mr. de Morgan has been subtly gathering fire from the fountains of his past. To let the rest go, there are his scenes and backgrounds, for example; they are nearly all laid in places where he has lived in boyhood and manhood—in Camden Town, Soho, Bloomsbury, Chelsea, Wandsworth, Florence; there is only one scene in India, but several things happen there, some of his people go there and his old Colonels are of the Indian Army. I have mentioned the stained-glass business he carried on in the cellar at 40, Fitzroy Square; in "Alice-for-Short" you find Messrs. Chappell & Pope carrying on business in stained-glass making in the basement of No. 40, —— Street, Soho; in that same basement where Alice had lived till the fatal night that deprived her of father and mother, the same basement where the ghosts were seen and the body of the eighteenth-century Madame Quesnes, whose life proved to be so strangely linked with Alice's

Mr. William de Morgan.
From a snapshot taken in Florence.
(By courtesy of Mr. Heinemann.)

own, was found buried. The house in Fitzroy Square is the original of that house in "Alice-for-Short," but Mr. de Morgan owns that he made a mistake in describing it as a Queen Anne house, for no Queen Anne houses in London have large areas. But the big ball-room on the ground floor, in the same house in the novel—the ball-room in which the eighteenth-century throng danced on the night when the lady who stole the all-important ring was brutally murdered and buried in the cellar—is taken, he says, from 54, Great Marlborough Street, a house once occupied by Mrs. Siddons, and where William de Morgan & Co. more recently sold tiles and pottery. Nevertheless, one seems to feel the atmosphere of "Alice-for-Short" more strongly in the Great Marlborough Street house than in Fitzroy Square; you have the right number of floors there—the basement where Alice lived; the ground floor, with the huge ball-room at the back, then rented by the picture dealer; the first floor where Charley Heath had his studio; the second floor belonging to the Miss Prynnes, and the third floor where the odd Mr. Jerrythought painted so industriously; moreover, when Alice came up from the basement with that notable jug she went through the fog and was bringing home the beer "from the Duke of Clarence's Head at the corner," and there is a Marlborough's Head at the corner of Great Marlborough Street, and no hostelry at any corner of Fitzroy Square. But that is Mr. de Morgan's method; he selects half a house that he used to live in here and half of one that he used to live in there and constructs a house for his own purpose out of the pieces; and he models his characters on the same principle. I have a sort of suspicion, by the way, that he has put more of himself than his art-school recollections into Charley Heath who, after working all the better part of his life at painting, turns in his maturer years to fiction and scores "a tremendous success" with his first novel.

But more than all you feel that, especially in "Joseph Vance" and the earlier part of "It Never Can Happen Again," Mr. de Morgan draws on his memories of life as he saw it and heard of it among the middle class and the very poor of Camden Town. He lived opposite a queer little Nonconformist Chapel there at No. 7, Camden Street, which has lately been swept away to make room for a County Council school: he lived there from the age of five until he was about twenty, and you cannot linger through the streets of that neighbourhood without feeling that you are breathing the air of "Joseph Vance." Most of the houses thereabouts now are survivals from the early Victorian era: rows of little cottages with long gardens before them; drab and moribund squares and crescents; rows of dull stucco-fronted responsible-looking houses with basements, and steps down into the areas and steps up to the front doors; rows of cheaper, plain, unbasemented houses, all of the same prim and unlovely pattern; narrow lanes and untidy slums of meaner houses still. There they stand just as they stood in the 'fifties, just as they stand in Mr. de Morgan's books, with a demureness of Victorian propriety, and a shadow of many gloomy and formal Victorian Sundays heavy on them to this hour; but it is in Mr. de Morgan's books only that you can still hear the choke and gurgle of the water periodically coming into their cisterns, before the



This was short-sighted because it stimulated her husband to a form of civility which would probably have risen to deference if the good lady had not just stopped short of insult.

Egerton and the only other male guest (who was the negative young pianist known to Sally as Somebody Elsley) having found it convenient to go away at smoking time to inspect the latter's new bicycle, the Professor ~~seized~~ availed himself of his opportunity for conversation with the third person singular. He approached the subject abruptly:

"Well!—it's Laetitia, I understand, that we're making up to—eh?" Perhaps it was this sudden conversion to the first person plural that made the young man blush up to the roots of his hair.

"What can I say?" he asked, hesitating. "You see, Professor Wilson, if I say yes, it will mean that I have been p-paying my address—as the phrase is—"

"And taking receipts?"

"Exactly—and taking receipts, without first asking her father's leave. And if I say no—"

"If you say no, my dear young man, her father will merely ask you to help yourself and pass the port—Decanter with the little brass ticket—yes! that one. Thank you!—Well, I see what you mean, and we needn't construct any mas. We really get to the point. Now tell me all about it." We don't feel at all sure the Professor's way of getting to the point was not a good one. You see, he had had a good deal to do with young

Reduced facsimile of a page of the manuscript of "Somehow Good" in Mr. William de Morgan's handwriting.

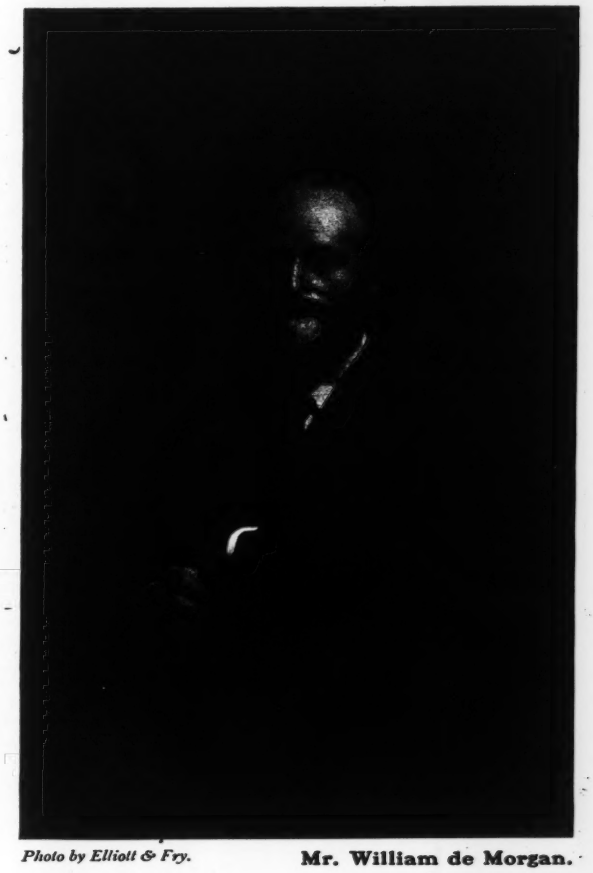


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. William de Morgan.**

introduction of a "constant supply"; and the dustman ringing his bell as he leads his horse and cart up the road. It is very well for Mr. de Morgan to describe old Mr. Vance's house as one of Stallwood's Cottages and next door to Packles's laundry, and then to plant the Cottages at Clapham and cunningly and casually refer to them as seven miles from Hampstead, but it will not be easy to persuade me that Stallwood's Cottages did not stand in Camden Town, and are probably standing there yet. He says incidentally that Dr. Thorpe acted as honorary secretary at the "Gothic Savings Bank standing back in a garden in the Orpington Road," clearly implying that it and the Thorpes and the Vances are all in the same district, and the only London road of that name is not at Clapham but over in Islington, a mile or so from Camden Town. And when Mr. Vance goes forth with the sweep to have that Homeric fight as a result of the sweep's impertinence in crocking the inseck that was emptied out with the drainings from Mr. Vance's tankard, they go round the back of Chepstow's, along the Gas gardens, down the rents, beyond the pianoforty works, to a waste piece of land, and nothing could smack more familiarly of old Camden Town to any one at all intimate with the outstanding features of that locality.

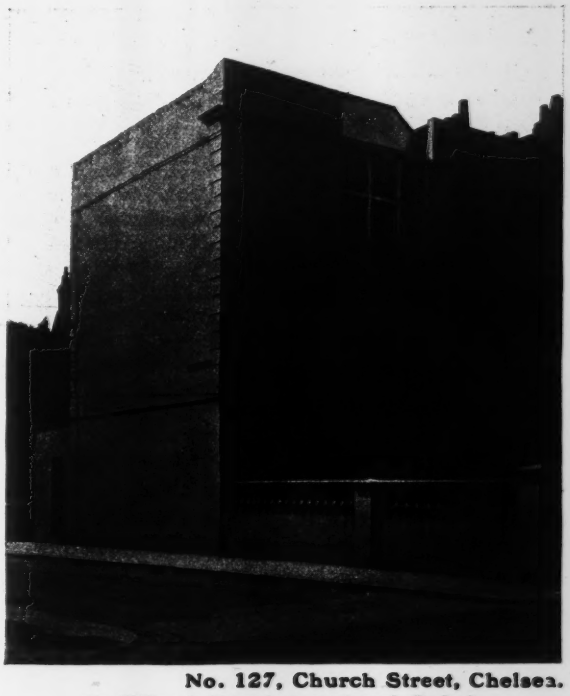
Tallick Street in "You Never Can Tell" wears again the livery of Camden Town, and according to the ribald chaunt sung by the gutter urchins who taunt Lizerann concerning Blind Jim's means of livelihood:

"Lizerann Coupland's
Father begs for 'apence
Just round the corner
Down by the gasworks,"

whilst in "Alice-for-Short" the story is partly laid in Camden Town by name, and Pratt Street, King Street, Camden Street and other old but surviving thoroughfares thereabouts are introduced without disguise.

IV.

For Mr. de Morgan is nothing if not exactly realistic. He did not belong to the Pre-Raphaelite school when he worked with a brush, and there is little suggestive of that school in his choice of theme and character for his novels, but certainly in all his fiction he shows a quite Pre-Raphaelite passion for minuteness and accuracy of detail. However susceptible he may have been to the influence of Dickens, his own strong individuality and original independence of outlook were too persistent to allow him to become a copyist of Pre-Raphaelite ideals in painting or of the manner of any even the greatest master in fiction. His chapter-headings may remind you of Boz; his humour now and then has a delightfully Dickensy tang, but on the whole it is less full-blooded and less extravagant than Dickens's; it has a mellow and quaintly distinctive note of its own. His low-life scenes and characters are as true and as vividly and intimately realised as Dickens's, but there are essential differences of treatment. His methods are more like Defoe's; yet though he may have taken a hint from this author and a hint from that, he has not played the sedulous ape to any of them, but to life itself. His apparently unstudied conversational prose adapts itself adequately and finely to the tragic and more poignant as well as to the homely and the humorous elements of his stories; and his



No. 127, Church Street, Chelsea.
Mr. William de Morgan's present home in England.

dialogue is the real unliterary talk of real people. To intensify the sense of reality inherent in his tale he will piece it out with matter-of-fact letters, with extracts from documents, and in "Joseph Vance" introduces Joseph, grown old before the book is half done, returned from abroad, lodging in Guilford Street (where Augustus de Morgan used to live) and himself writing that story of his youth whilst new lodgers are moving in on the floor above and a barrel-organ is playing in the street; and he ends it by printing the note of an editor, a Mr. F—— of Kensington, who has discovered the MS. after Joseph has disappeared when Lossie and he are reconciled to each other; then he adds a postscript by the publishers who have come into possession of a letter which establishes the identity of Lossie, otherwise Lady Desprez, and have been in correspondence with the Post Office authorities and have written to her ladyship offering to suppress the work if she will pay the expenses incurred up to date; and if she does not respond they are resolved to publish it, but have omitted or altered certain names in order to avoid risks. This is the authentic Defoe fashion. The men and women of Mr. de Morgan's novels are as ordinary everyday folk as Trollope's were, but he has more humour, and imagination, and a sense of style and an exquisite feeling for the pathos and mystery and beauty of human life that Trollope had not. You might say justly of each of his books what he has himself said of one of them, in opening a chapter of "It Never Can Happen Again":

Mr. William de Morgan in 1910.

(By courtesy of Mr. Heinemann.)

> "Be good enough to note that none of the characters in this story are picturesque or heroic—only chance samples of folk such as you may see pass your window now, this moment, if you will only lay your book down and look out. They are passing—passing all day long—each with a story. And some little thing you see, a meeting, a parting, a quickened step, a hesitation and return, may make the next hour the turning-point of an existence. For it is of such little things the great ones are made; and this is a tale made up of trifles—trifles touching human souls that, for aught we know to the contrary, may last for ever."

There is more plot in "Somehow Good" than in any of the other three novels, and it is as original and ingeniously developed a plot as any I have come across of recent years; but here, as everywhere, Mr. de Morgan clothes it all in an easy aspect of verisimilitude and gets his sharpest and most telling effects by the perfect skill with which he introduces the multitude of trivial details, unimportant in themselves but momentous in their bearing on the growth of character and event, and indispensable if the life recorded is to reflect fully and faithfully life as it is lived. The most idyllic love affair has its unromantic or ridiculous interludes; death does not always give you time to make solemn preparations for his reception; tragedy must cover last night's wound and brush his hat and take his bag and umbrella and go off to business as usual this morning, as if nothing had happened; comedy has to hush her laughter to-morrow and go to bed with a heartache because of some trifle that seemed to be over and done with twenty years ago; and the shadows of a man's old follies or misfortunes come from his past to thwart and overwhelm him even whilst he is boasting that he does not believe in ghosts. Mr. de Morgan makes his stories satisfyingly plausible and realistic by his ingrained habit of looking before and after. He cannot even see a shivering, withered old crone serving out a ha'porth of baked chestnuts over her charcoal fire without reflecting that those skinny, claw-like hands were once the beautiful hands of a young girl; he is never contented to sketch the least significant of his characters in outline only, he must needs give you the whole man and the whole woman by deliberately linking up their to-days with their yesterdays, so that you know their dispositions, the environments that shaped them, the motives that actuate them, and can guess how they will behave in a given crisis before the crisis is upon them. This is the justification, if they need any, for the exceptional length of his books; the art and the magic of them lie so largely in the aggregation of biographical and descriptive detail that to condense them would be to rob them of half their charm and most of their living reality. Even the restless, the impatient, the overbusy, once they have surrendered themselves to his spell can enjoy his leisurely calm, become absorbed in the interests of his people, and look forward to the new novel he promises for this autumn, "An Affair of Dishonour," and wish it may not be a single chapter shorter than his longest. His increasing popularity speaks for itself, and when I meet an occasional reader who puts William de Morgan's name down again on a library list and then shakes his head over the number of his pages, I feel inclined to rebuke him with what Lord Felixthorpe, in "It Never Can Happen Again," said to Judith about Challis, the novelist: "You're just like the people that author chap has been telling us about downstairs—people who complain that his books are too long, and then ask for more."

THE DIVINE ELEMENT IN LITERATURE.

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

TWO Lectures delivered at Yale in 1906 have led up to this large treatment of a question always fascinating and never wholly resolved—the bearing, namely, of Christian truth on humane letters.* From the advertisement I gather that Mr. Chapman has published other works on cognate subjects, and from the book itself that he comes of a New England Puritan stock, but is no strong Calvinist, though upholding in the main such articles of faith as Calvin taught by inheritance from antiquity. Feeling with his American audience a sort of distaste for what is called dogma, and like them practising a gentle optimism, the author becomes frequently indefinite by excess of good nature. One might say with a smile that he resembles his travelling countryman who saw in the Alps only a slight rising ground. But the Alps cannot be reconciled off the face of the earth. Religion is divine; literature is human. Though Christianity be a religion of the book, possessing its inspired volumes, yet nations have lived by it that never read the Bible; and we may ask where religion lurks in the mixed multitude of writers who have amused or corrupted the nineteenth century without a glance towards the holy place. Literature, science, art, each has its appropriate aim and method. How does religion, which is not of this world, affect any of them?

If Mr. Chapman were a follower of Dante, he would be at no loss for a standard whereby to guide himself through these literary masterpieces, assigning to this one and that its Catholic value. But in his never very rigid handling it would often seem as though whatever was genuinely human must also be divine. This, I cannot help thinking, leaves the reader much as it found him. Is all kindness Christian, even that of a Jew like Moses Mendelssohn? Or all humour, including Heine's and not forgetting Carlyle's "Exodus from Houndsditch"? Or every instance of devoted love, however criminal, provided it involve self-sacrifice? I grant that if we identify human pathos, benevolence, affection, and sense of incompleteness with religion, we may seize our good in many a page where else it would be undiscoverable. But in that identification the character of both qualities appears to be lost. We object to the "Religion of Humanity" that it is not religion, because not transcending man; from which I conclude to the necessity of a divine element, *sui generis* and distinguishable as such, in any literature to be associated with Christian ideas.

Here the difficulty begins. Every one perceives in the "Divina Commedia" how religion may inspire a supreme poem, perhaps the greatest of all. A similar incarnation of supernatural powers and beliefs we have seen in "The Dream of Gerontius." On a lower level stands "The Christian Year," as being meditative rather than dramatic; but its literary value remains. The strange exciting lyrics of Francis Thompson yield a perfume and a savour like Solomon's Song; their piety is a flame kindled at the cross; their craftsmanship has won admiration from the most fastidious. Literature marks them for its own. Of women-poets, E. B. Browning, unequal or sentimental in her verses, would have left us but an indifferent legacy if religion had not touched her minor chords. The strong, austere Christina Rossetti struck from her heart a wonderful music, passionate, tender, imaged, and glowing, not to be silenced for ages. We turn to the men-singers who reigned under Victoria; is it needful to quote "In Memoriam," or "A Death in the Desert," or *per antiphrasin*, as irreligious and therefore still bearing on our subject, Swinburne's alliterative rhythms of unbelief, the sceptic and epicurean stanzas of "Omar Khayyam"? Even a dilettante who should care for none of these things could not enjoy the subtle harmonies of Tennyson, the rude effective eloquence of Browning, without for the while throwing himself into their attitude of seekers or finders in the transcendental realm. On regarding poetry so coloured, so controlled, by motives which are superhuman, as belonging to another world, there can be no debate among critics. But when we pass from apologies for the creed or attacks upon it to general literature, we enter a tangled forest.

Mr. Chapman holds that letters stand indebted to religion at one time or another for their subject, language, treatment, and for the training which many great writers have received in childhood. He is copious on the Puritan influences which went towards shaping Cowper, Carlyle, Emerson, nay, Macaulay and Newman, or even Stuart Mill through his father's Scottish education. Ruskin is a product of the same school, though he beat the master and ran away to Assisi. But all the men I have named, excepting Cowper, were renegades from Geneva. And what of Burns, the lawless one? Was it by loyal adhesion to the religious thought impressed upon them, or by vehement revolt against it, that the Carlyles and the Emersons made their name? The Scots were Puritans; but they were Norsemen, Celts, Picts, long before whence came the savage or "pawky" humour we find in their judgment of life. The author may fancy it to be somehow Christian; what if I should point out its anticipations in Iceland saga and the "Flyting of Loki"? There was not much religion cleaving to the old Scandinavian pirates; but they had plenty of humour. If we are to discern New Testament features in every one that has laughed, tenderly or grimly, at man's adventures in his passage from deep to deep, we shall have to bring forward as eminent examples Lucian, Voltaire Rabelais, when most rebellious against decorum. I do not mean prudishly to

* "English Literature and Religion: 1800–1900." By Edward Mortimer Chapman. 8s. 6d. net. (London: Constable; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.)

deny that a Walt Whitman is sometimes an excellent preacher though his vocabulary falls into the mud. I am asking a different question which this book, full as it is of good reading and wise thoughts, does not answer. Allow that if the moral aspects of character be flung aside humour will perish, must we call this dependence of the pathetic or the ludicrous on a scale of values by a religious name? Our volume cites Mr. Hardy, whose epic fragments—the Wessex tales and tragedies—lead swiftly down to the dark, losing their humour as faith in the supernatural undergoes eclipse. It adds, not unfairly, George Eliot; and perhaps George Meredith should not be passed over in this connection. But remark that all three had grown up among Christian folk, and could not escape altogether from their childhood's memories. To them, more than to most, the world would appear out of joint, as it now lies fever-stricken, debating its problem of belief or unbelief. No wonder if in their later productions melancholy holds sway. Yet so long as a suspicion of any higher element survives in man, humour, be it grave or gay, will break out. The extreme instance I take to be Swift's Yahoos, dreadful as the grave but significant by contrast of the spiritual dignity which shines amid corruption and will redeem it.

These are deep matters. I could have wished that a writer so frankly on the side of the angels (a good phrase, though Disraeli invented it) had faced them directly. He looks up with veneration to Cardinal Newman, though giving, I know not why, a curiously inadequate account of that prince among English classics, and only by a passing allusion adverting to the "Dream," which stands high above the religious poems of the century. Well, it is Newman who takes the bolder line and who, while granting that "Christianity has thrown gleams of light" on man and his literature, declares "it will be found, and ever found, as a matter of course, that literature as such, no matter of what nation, is the science or history, partly and at best of the natural man, partly of man in rebellion." He draws the inference without faltering, "If literature is to be made a study of human nature, you cannot have a Christian literature."

In like manner as regards the literary exhibition of science in a Huxley or a Tyndall. We may doubtless remind the crowd that Darwin did his utmost to keep out of religious controversies; that evolution is susceptible of a theistic commentary; and that biology does not discredit revelation. But from Lucretius onwards it is plain that poets and philosophers, equal in grandeur of expression, may take opposite sides. The fallacy which I am severe upon, and which may not be Mr. Chapman's, is apparently this, that any *Weltanschauung*—a world system however conceived—is sure to turn out religious at last. I do not think so. The Alps remain as a dividing-line. There is no more likelihood of ending controversy by an appeal to literature than by an appeal to physical science. I can collect arguments from both, and I do; I cannot take either as by itself deciding in favour of religion. Reading Shelley with my Catholic eyesight or insight (whichever it be) I may welcome "Prometheus Unbound" as a poetic version of the Christian world-tragedy, expressed with beauty and power. To his own generation, to those who seem his true disciples, Shelley's poem rings like an indictment of Theism. How are we to settle the dispute? Man, says Newman once more, "looks back on himself, and he reads his own thoughts and notes them down, looks out into the universe, and tells over and celebrates the elements and principles of which it is the product. Such is man: put him aside, keep him before you; but whatever you do, do not take him for what he is not, for something divine and sacred, for man regenerate."

The Cardinal knew what he was saying; and it might be illustrated afresh from George Meredith and R. L. Stevenson, whom our book assigns to the same category because they both held that life was worth living, although I could easily prove that they did so on opposite grounds. Stevenson held to the heart of Christianity; Meredith was satisfied with life, apart from any religious meaning. The upshot appears to be that since literature is personal, its character and spirit will vary with its author; men of genius, humour, wit and wisdom, have sometimes been passionately devoted to religion, at other times have cast it from them in scorn, and yet again have not taken it into account at all. The literary form is always human, whatever its contents; it requires no encouragement from the transcendental; it neither flourishes nor decays in accordance with religious beliefs; it is man's speech to himself and his fellows, registering all his moods, among them his emotions touching the unseen. The saints need not be men of letters; and men of letters have rarely been saints. I praise Mr. Chapman's learned, pleasant, and in many ways suggestive volume. He shows that religion may furnish a grand theme to literature; and perhaps in so doing he has overcome the prejudice of an idle time, which chatters about art because art is not serious, and asks only to be enjoyed.

JAPAN AND JAPANESE ART.

By YOSHIO MARKINO.

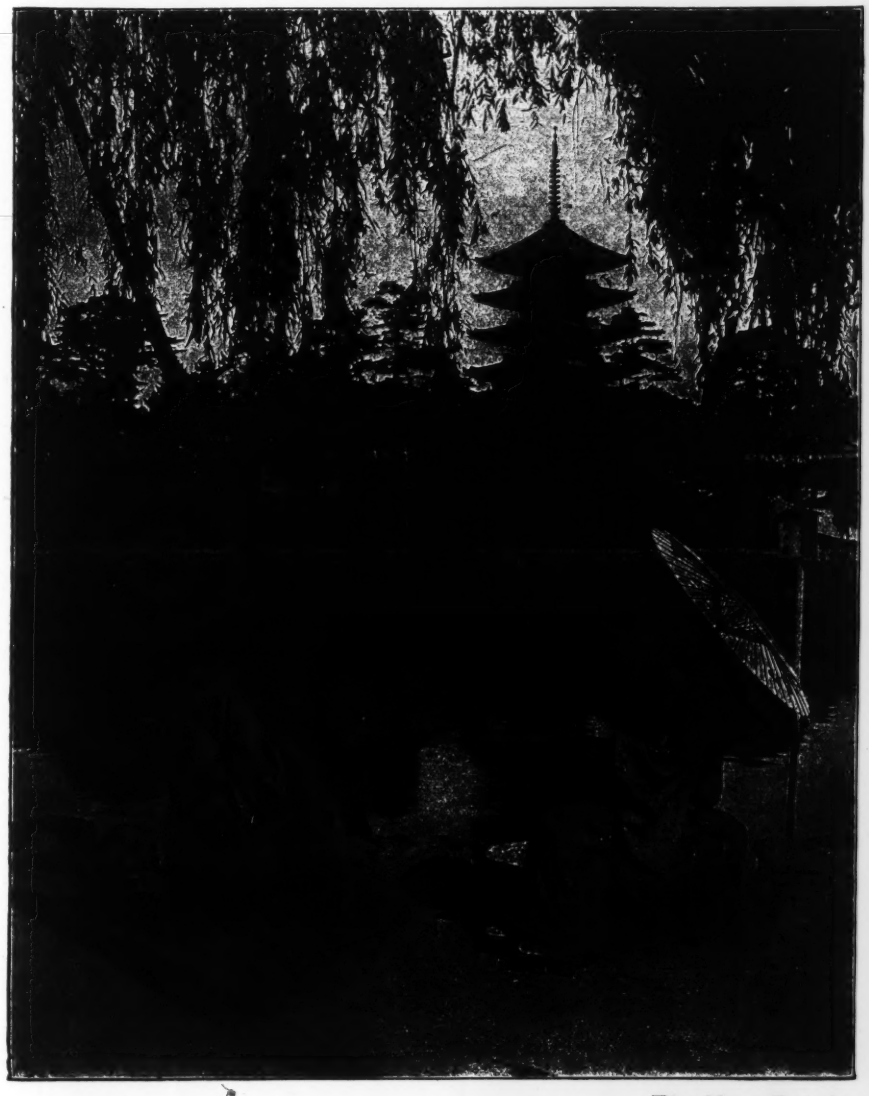
MENCIOUS said, "If you believe every word in the books, you had better not to read any book at all." Later on another philosopher said, "If you don't believe any word in the books, you had better not to read the books at all." Indeed, if we believe every word in all the books that exist in the world we may be carried away by a tide-current of fraud, and we shall be lost in a vast monstrous ocean. And if we don't believe any book at all, we shall never become wise. The books we all ought to believe are Arithmetic and Grammar books. All other books are left to our own judgment. You may become wise or fool just according to the books you read and judge! I think the English public know too well which book they ought to read and which not. I myself am a stranger artist to this country, and I never read English books whether good or bad.

One morning, to my great surprise a package of books was sent to me "to kindly review"! I cut the string and found out these three books*—"In Lotus-Land Japan," by H. G. Ponting; "A History of Japanese Colour-Prints," by W. von Seidlitz; and "The Japanese Dance," by Marcelle A. Hincks.

All books about Japan! And I found out I was a Japanese! So I said, "Naruhodo, Naruhodo" (the Japanese word which Mr. Ponting uses in his book repeatedly, and well uses too. The meaning is, "I see, I see.").

Oh, it took such a long time for me to read through, because I am such a snail-like reader. To confess the truth, I had a little fox in my head just when I received these books. Yes, I was miserable about some other matter. But it did a great deal of good for me to read these books. I was quite delighted. Now let me say something about Mr. Ponting's book first.

The charm of this book comes from his sincerity and naturalness. Many Europeans have tried to describe Japan as a poetic or artistic country, and they always failed because they put Japan too much as an ideal. I think Japan is a poetic country, but not of the poetry of Europe. The Japanese may be an artistic nation, but not of the artisticness of Europe. Mr. Ponting was natural enough to only describe Japan as he has



The Nara Pagoda.

From "In Lotus-Land Japan," by H. G. Ponting. (Macmillan.)

* "In Lotus-Land Japan." By H. G. Ponting. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)—"A History of Japanese Colour-Prints." By W. von Seidlitz. 25s. net. (Heinemann.)—"The Japanese Dance." By Marcelle A. Hincks. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

seen it, and sincere enough not to lose his balance by over-joy or under-value. His twenty chapters are in the order of what he has met with. Landscapes, friends, climates, everything are written just as they came into his mind, not like some books which put everything under headings. That was why I was so interested. And I am grateful to him because he did not follow after "Roman Spelling Rule" when he spelt Japanese names. There is a so-called "Roman Spelling Association" in Japan. The members of this association are stupid enough to make a new spelling law, which neither English nor Japanese could master without studying. My idea is that Japan has her own alphabet and spelling and all the original words ought to be written in our own way, and if any European wants to write Japanese words in his country's alphabet, let him write in his own way. And Mr. Ponting has done so. For instance, the Japanese-Roman spelling law would spell "Kaya," which he spells "Kaia," and "Semi" for "Seimi." And how faithful he was to spell "Chion-ji" as "Chio-ji"! That is just how Kyoto people would pronounce.

I always say that one who can sail with the wind is much happier than one who always tried to sail against the wind. It seems to me Mr. Ponting was always sailing with the wind in Japan. That is to say, he could go on with Japanese so well. Of course it depends on one's nature, and he was lucky enough to have the nature so like Japanese. To prove this, I must quote his own words:

"I love the song of the *seimi*, and always listened for its first lone call as in England I used to look for the first swallow or listened for the cuckoo; only the sweet chirp of the Japanese summer, too, and the seimi's voice, proclaiming that summer was at hand, always filled me with gladness. More than once, as I have listened to the sweet little singer in the autumn, it has fallen lifeless from the tree. To the very last the muscular power, which enabled it to produce by friction its joyous song, had escaped the dread disease that fed upon its vitals, and it died as it had lived, a merry-maker and joy-giver, happy and giving happiness to the end. The woods have thus their tragedies to those who love them, and few could escape a pang of sorrow at the death of so dutiful a little creature, fulfilling to the final moment of its life the service entrusted to it by its Creator."

This is awfully Japanese. We always look at everything in this way. No wonder he was treated so well by all those artisans. Everywhere he went, the artisans showed and explained to him all their secrets which would be "Thankless task" for most tourists. It seems to me he shared all the joy wherever he went. He enjoyed the canoeing on the rapids of Katsura Gawa with the same spirits of those Japanese sailors. He was as enthusiastic as his Japanese friends to witness the Fire-fly Fighting at the River Ugi. He kept his own Bushido, and refused to cross that Sacred Bridge at Nikko, though some Japanese youngster persuaded him to violate the "Bye-law." He lamented when he saw some heartless American tourist steal "Hikite" metal in some hotel, and give lie-names and lie-addresses to some hotel-keepers. But one cannot always be perfectly happy if one travels through Japan. There are plenty of bad guides, coolies, and most wicked merchants. I am sure he must have met most unpleasant events very often. Only he is too polite to mention those things. Only once or twice he spoke about those coolies, and so philosophically!

I am so interested with the chapter "An Ascent of Fuji-San," because my own cousin Takeo Goto had a trip to the top of Fuji, and he wrote all his experiences. Only if I had the space enough I wish I could translate it all and compare it with Mr. Ponting's chapter. They are both so much same to each other.

I must quote a few paragraphs which so curiously coincide word to word: "A band of descending pilgrims —laughing, shouting and singing, in high spirits at having accomplished their missions—came running and leaping, etc., etc. . . . Nearly an hour earlier, as we met another descending band, I had shouted (in Japanese), 'How far is it to the top?' 'Three ri,' one of them replied. Now again I put the question. 'Three ri,' came the answer!"

Mr. Ponting complained about Gorikis, who said they were too tired to go on any further, but when he gave 50 sens each, they began to walk in front of him! My cousin gave them only 20 sens each. I am afraid my cousin was too poor to do the same.

About Mr. Ponting's photos, I have already written my highest appreciations in the *World*. I may add to that a few words.

Almost every artist in Japan has painted Fuji Mountain. They all had great liberty for making composition. But Mr. Ponting used the camera, which can never change anything in the Nature. But he has surpassed most Japanese artists by his composition. Naruhodo! Naruhodo!

Now about Mr. von Seidlitz's book. What a splendid collection of old Japanese prints! The prints alone are worth having this book for. He has kindly put the explanations under each picture. But some of the prints have Japanese explanations or poetries written on the top. I feel it would be more interesting if he translated them. And sometimes he misses the meaning too. For instance, look at that print on page 90. He has the under-lettering thus: "KUJOMITSU: New Year's Dance, executed by two *Shirabioshis* (Singers). The standing figure, . . . wears the *sambaso* on her head and holds a rattle in her hand. The other . . . wears the mánzai. . . ."

As a matter of fact this picture is signed by Torii Kiyomitsu, and *Sambaso* is not the name of that head-gear. Sambaso is the dancing in the theatre, something like the English curtain-raiser. We call that head-gear "Yeboshi," and not only "Yeboshi," but the dressing-up altogether is for dancing the Sambaso. The other, too, is dressed up as a Mánzai, a New Year dancer.

And here there is a little poetry which is not translated at all:

"O thou, my first love!
I let thee have my love letter then!"

In the first chapter he gives some explanation about

the Japanese Art which must be very useful for the collector. It is quite European view, and seems very amusing to me.

In the second chapter he gives a rough history of Japanese painting. Talking generally this is a very interesting and useful chapter. But there are several mistakes, such as "Taigo" for "Taikō," "Butsu-ye" for "Butsu-ga." Again, on page 40 he says, "It was therefore quite natural that the school which was principally influenced by the Chinese should have its stronghold and support near the seat of the Shoguns in Yedo." In fact this must have been the time of the Ashikago Shoguns, who were in Kamakura, and not Yedo. It must be remembered that Yedo was founded by Tokugawa Iyeyasu.

Vever Collection, Paris.

Kiyonaga: A Terrace by the Sea.

A young man and a geisha in blue; two servants near them; behind him his betrothed; to the right two friends. Pink, grey, and black predominate. A diptych in a series of twelve.

From "A History of Japanese Colour Prints," by W. von Seidlitz. (Heinemann.)

It seems to me the ages and dates of some artists are not accurate. But this is rather difficult question to decide, because we have so many books of Artists' Biography, and it is rather disappointing to see each book gives different ages and dates. So some wise experts always give dates "about so and so era," and never say definitely.

For instance, Mr. von Seidlitz gives the life of Kanaoka as 850—890. I confess I cannot give the definite date of Kanaoka. But several of the most reliable of the old Japanese historians say Kanaoka painted that famous screen in the Imperial Palace on the 6th year of Yencho, the era of the Emperor Daigo. To my calculation this year was 950 A.D.

Mr. Seidlitz gives many chapters for all those artists who painted especially for colour-prints, and he gives each artist's signature in Japanese. These are quite genuine.

I am so pleased with Mr. Marcelle Azra Hincks' delightful idea of the Japanese Dance, with its exquisite illustrations from old Japanese prints. He explains the origins of all Japanese dancing. How Bugaku came in from China, or how Kagura was originated in Japan. *Nō* dancing is well explained. He has given even some specimens such as Kōgō, Benkei, or Hachi-no-ki. But I don't know why he put that dancing of Urashima in Geisha dancing. Of course, Geisha might do Urashima in their Teodori, but Urashima is one of the finest *Nō* acts. And I could not help smiling when I came to page 22, just the end of *Nō* dance chapter.

"The dances of the 'Maple Club' at Tokio in the present day are a modern development of the *Nō*. But the classical language has been popularised, the actions and gestures more or less modernised and the dancers are women instead of men. It is not surprising that these changes should be deplored by the cultured classes of Japan, who disapprove of any innovation which tends to vulgarise their classical dance. As all foreign visitors to Japan see the 'Maple Club' dances, it is necessary to explain that they do not number among the dances of ancient Japan, but are entirely of modern growth and development."

Fancy, to talk about the women dancing together with the solemn *Nō* dancing. It is just the same to talk about Miss Marie Lloyd or Miss Vesta Victoria together with the Shakespearean Acts!

The *Nō* Act is still danced in Japan, and it is not modernised at all. It is played by some aristocratic families, and even Japanese, if they have no taste, are not allowed to see. Therefore there is so little chance for foreigners to see.

Then again, I saw this phrase on page 26: "At a certain time of the year the spirits of the departed are supposed to visit the world, and Shintoism orders that they should be welcomed. . . ."

It is the Buddhists who have the feast for the departed spirits on the 13th of the 7th month (Lunatic Calendar), which Mr. Hincks calls "Bon," but which is more correctly called "Uran Bon." And Shintoism has nothing to do with Uran Bon whatever.

These are only the two mistakes I have found, and the rest is not only correct, but very charming and interesting indeed.

New Books.

A CAMPBELL MISCELLANY.*

These two handsome volumes are a curious *olla podrida* of gossip and state papers, peremptory letters as to new leases, estate accounts receipted, and intimate personal revelations by women long dead and gone. They contain much bread but some very tolerable draughts of sack. The more serious documents are not of high political importance. For the most part they confirm the views of those who sigh to learn "with how little wisdom the world is governed." They show John, the second Duke of Argyll, as chief man in Scotland during the early years of Anne, and we note his hereditary antipathy to the Montrose of that day, his resignation because he did not get his own way as to appointments, his withdrawal of the resignation and his concurrent suggestion that he should now receive the Peerage of England. One great concern, however, Argyll persisted in—the Union with England. This project was very unpopular with a large number of Scottish gentry and with the Edinburgh mob, and a letter from Lord Leven to Godolphin suggests that an English army should be stationed near the Border as he feared "a design in drawing some men together both in the Highlands and in some places of the low country." The mob outside Parliament "committed a great many insolences in the street by upbraiding them as villains and rascals who they judged were for the Union; the President of the Council, the Duke of Argyll, and the two Secretaries were so treated by them." The Union remained very unpopular in Scotland for years after its enactment, and if the Pretender had been willing to declare himself a Protestant he would probably have secured the support of nearly the whole nation. The documents in these volumes relating to the '15 and '45 are not of special interest, but there is a fiery letter of 1746 from Keppoch and Lochiel which declares that the Pretender would have taken the Campbells into his good graces if they would only have stood neuter in that year. Notwithstanding this magnanimous clemency "the Campbells have openly appeared with their wonted zeal for Rebellion and Usurpation, in a most officious manner." "We hope to prevail with H.R.H. to hang a Campbell for every house that shall hereafter be burned by them." Certainly the great issues raised in the seventeenth century were fought out with fiercer hostility in Scotland than in England. The Civil War in England was a mild contest in comparison with the clan-fights of Scotland.

We pass to a more peaceful atmosphere when we read the delightful letters of the later eighteenth to earlier nineteenth centuries. For the most part they are charming and natural letters, showing us the everyday thoughts of the people whom Gainsborough painted. It is impossible to follow up all the clues of the Duke of Argyll's entertaining miscellany, but perhaps the happiest discovery of the book is the personality of Augusta, sister of George III., who became Duchess of Brunswick. Horace Walpole tells us much of her early life, and her letters to the Duchess of Argyll (the beautiful Gunning) tell us a great deal of her thoughts and happinesses and sorrows in her long married life. The most pathetic phrase of all her letters is "I am the happyest creature in the world to know Caroline settled before my death"—when one remembers that it was to the future George IV. that poor Caroline was settled. Augusta had been called a radical in her youth, but in her maturer years was at least hostile to Rousseau:

"I am quite of your opinion that *les Confessions de Rousseau* should never have been printed; it will do a great deal of harm, as all his books have done, and he must have had more vanity than any man to have publish'd such nonsense as the years of his childhood, and for Mme. de Warens she is the most extraordinary carecter if what Rousseau sais is true, that it was not passion but reasonning that made her live so wicked a life."

We have another glimpse of the century of enlightenment in a curious phrase of Augusta's:

"This King of Prussia (Frederick William II.) has religion; he seldom fails going to Church, and he has order'd his Clergy not to preach on to abstract subjects, which dose only puzzel and is of no good: for we are strange creatures in this part of the world; every one will philosophise till he believes nothing; religion is made a part of polite conversation, who shall propose Singular Ideas."

Another most interesting portion of these volumes relates to Lord John Campbell, grandfather of the present Duke, who had the honour of inspiring interest in Mme. de Staël, and of figuring as the hero Nelville in "Corinne." A large number of Mme. de Staël's letters are here published for the first time. She writes to Lord John: "Jamais, jamais, si vous vous souvenez de moi, je ne cesserai de vous aimer." From another correspondent, Dr. Moore, bear-leader to the young Duke of Hamilton, we learn of Voltaire's characteristic keenness and curiosity in his old age. "He is busily employed at present (1773) in preparing what he calls a Tableau of the Late War. The part which I perceive excites his own curiosity most is what was transacted in the East Indies, with the Present State and the Characters and Religion of the Natives of that country." Much light and entertaining scandal, of love-making, gambling, and highway robbery, is here spread out for frivolous readers—but they must know how to skip and how to select.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

* "Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century." Edited by the Duke of Argyll, K.T. With Portraits, Facsimiles, and other Illustrations. 2 Vols. 24s. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN."*

There are two American women-writers who have taken a place in the hearts of English-speaking girl-children all the world over, such as has fallen to the lot of no English writer. The first of these was Miss Wetherell; the second the author of the book under notice. Miss Wetherell and Miss Alcott are already distinctly old-fashioned, although Miss Alcott preached her gospel of strenuousness to an age of unstrenuous girlhood. That gospel, in a manner of speaking, suits better the girl of to-day; but Miss Alcott presented it in an old-fashioned manner. She was born old-fashioned as Miss Wetherell was born old-fashioned—with a difference. Miss Alcott was the strong-minded New England spinster accustomed to "doing chores" from her earliest childhood up. I suppose the habit of "doing chores" is one that gets into the blood; and one may say that Miss Alcott died "turning" dresses and making rag-bag bonnets despite the mad success of "Little Women" and its successors. She belonged to the type which Miss Wilkins has caught and held fast for us in her admirable New England stories. Possessing the virtues of energy, courage, high-mindedness, unselfish devotion to others and to an ideal, there is yet something angular, a little harsh, a little dry about the type, which is almost repellent.

Miss Alcott adored her family. For them were all her heroic struggles, her brave unselfishness, which fought a steep, upward path, to be crowned with magnificent success at the end. She had a dreamy, unpractical father, a friend of Emerson, of Thoreau, of Hawthorne—a fruitarian, a non-meat-eater, an ascetic, who led his

* "Louisa May Alcott: Dreamer and Worker." By Belle Moses. 6s. net. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

Louisa May Alcott.

From "Louisa May Alcott: Dreamer and Worker," by Belle Moses. (Sampson Low & Co.)

family out into the desert and shared the desert fare with them with a high heart. They had a mother who did all the practical "chores" and kept the little family of four girls from dying of the desert philosopher's creed of renunciation. Mother and daughters conspired to shield their philosopher from the knowledge of their own privations and his inadequacy to the practical affairs of life generally. They adored him indeed, and doubtless would have chosen his high thinking and very, very plain living before the banqueting of kings. Doubtless the asceticism of her childhood had a great deal to do with the formation of Louisa Alcott's character. It was perhaps responsible for a certain aridity, an intolerance of other people's cakes and ale. Under the shadow of the Alcott tree was only room for high-minded, self-respecting, un-backsliding New Englanders, with the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers, and perhaps the slightest touch of Cotton Mather added. One wonders how a pleasure-loving, easy-going person would have fared amid all the strenuousness. The atmosphere is really very high and clean; but one had to be born to it to be quite comfortable in it. There was at all events abundance of love. The four girls adored the father and mother and each other, and the lamp of love on the hearth never went out. Like the widow's cruse, it sufficed for all needs. Miss Alcott was a most admirable woman. Her life is as good as reading "Little Women" over again. Indeed "Little Women" is the Alcott family. Yet "Sweetest fruit hath sourest rind," and the sweet nut of our author's high integrity had just a suspicion of harshness outside.

I doubt if "Little Women" can ever have been as truly loved as "The Wide, Wide World." Elizabeth Wetherell was all sentiment. She also was a spinster and old-fashioned, but a spinster with drooping ringlets, dove's eyes, and a tender, sentimental heart. "The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," "Say and Seal," and all the rest of them, are honey-sweet with sentiment. Ellen Montgomery had to "do chores" very much against her will. One thinks of her as a dainty little person, delicately clad, as one does of all Miss Wetherell's heroines. Their love-affairs, when they happen, are of the most delicately sentimental order. Flesh and blood had nothing to do with them. They were as much affairs of the spirit and mind and heart as the love-stories of that delicate and subtle writer, Mr. Howells, who can fill a volume with fine scruples, the half-advances and retreats, the subtleties of lovers, for which one feels that marriage must be a violent goal. I apologise for so many "delicates," but I find no other word. Odd that the quality should have come to us from America while English fiction goes back to naturalism and animalism. The stipulation of the lover on the last page of "Queechy" was that all the heroine's tears were to be shed in his arms. One can imagine this evoking from Miss Alcott an angry snort. It always went against the grain with her to handle a love-affair in her books. True vestal virgin, not all the appeals of all her world of readers would make her, in the person of her prototype Jo, reward an ardent young lover. In "The Wide, Wide World," in "Queechy," and Miss Wetherell's other books, there is a colour and a glow which we look for in vain in Miss Alcott's work. The glow of warm New England kitchens, of golden New England cornfields and granaries, the smell of ripe apples and fruit of all sorts, to say nothing of goodies a-cooking, are in Miss Wetherell's fragrant pages. In Miss Alcott we find a reflex of the days when the Alcott children feasted on

For Breakfast ..	..	Unleavened bread, porridge and water
For Dinner ..	..	Bread, vegetables and water
For Supper ..	..	Bread, fruit and water

and often did not know where these viands were to come from—to say nothing of doing all "the chores," dressed in garments of brown linen, since woollen would be a wrong to the sheep, in an almost fireless kitchen, with the house a snow-bank. No wonder it was the strenuous virtues that flourished under the philosopher's roof.

I discussed Miss Alcott recently with a lady who bears a name which is among the most honoured in American literature. She revealed to me a secret which hides between Miss Alcott's latest biographer's pages and comes once or twice into the light. She remembers Miss Alcott an alarming, handsome, elderly woman with a deep bass voice, before whom she, at fourteen years old and already accustomed to the celebrities of two continents, literally trembled. "She didn't like little girls," she said. "Her passion was for little boys. She was desperately bored by the adoration of little girls who were always writing to her and flinging themselves on her neck. She saw in me another terrible little girl who might be expected to overflow at any moment." Here we have it avowed, with a startling suddenness, in the pages of this excellent and adequate biography. "Never liked girls," she wrote in her diary—"or knew many except my sisters." This was when a worrying publisher had brought "Little Women" to the point of being begun. She wrote "Little Men" for the boys. Did any real boy ever want to read "Little Men"? I doubt it. It was devoured rapturously by the little girls she never liked. Her biographer claims for her indiscreetly that "she wrote as Shakespeare did, for all time and all generations." She has reigned deservedly in the hearts of a couple of generations of girls at all events. A strange irony of fate that she should be the little girl's writer after all, and should enjoy the exquisite reward, which she hardly asked for, of being hugged to the hearts of hundreds of thousands of little girls by day, of resting beneath their pillows at night, or lying clasped between their little arms and their innocent breasts.

Miss Moses has done her biography with great thoroughness and no little skill. She has contrived to show us the real living personality of Miss Alcott, even to the something of grimness which frightened the small American girl. But it was a wholesome fruit if the rind was slightly hard. It was a sound heart and a loving and loyal heart that inhabited the big frame. She broke down her health, with which she had already played ducks and drakes during the hardening process of her home atmosphere, in a

brave attempt at nursing wounded soldiers in the American Civil War. She tells humorously, by the way, of how her first task was to wash the soldiers as they were brought in covered with blood and grime. "Some of them took the performance like sleepy children, leaning their tired heads against me as I worked; others looked grimly scandalised, and several of the roughest coloured like bashful girls." The Alcotts had lived like the Early Christians, giving half their store of wood away with the snow at the door and a young baby in the house, because a neighbour with a sick baby wanted it more, and trusting in the Giver of all things not to let them perish. It is good to know that faith was rewarded in their case. But the doing without, and the Spartan régime of her childhood, had perhaps more to do with the breakdown of health than the six weeks in the military hospital. Having begun apparently with unusual health and strength, she came to have pain as her housemate for the latter half of her life. She was remorseless to Brother Ass the Body, and shaking legs and a swimming head were treated with a cold bath and a ten miles' walk. She never accepted the rôle of invalid; and in her days of success prescribed for herself, as rest and tonic, the sweeping of her eight rooms twice a week, with scrubbing and ironing thrown in. To us it seems somewhat of a waste of energy when there were books to write; but it was in her blood "to do chores" and to believe in their saving quality. She quite remorselessly dubbed herself old at thirty-five and took up the wearing of elderly garments as she sent an ugly picture of herself to her young adorers, with one knows not what of conscientiousness or cussedness. Yet she had always a boyish simplicity and youthfulness. The pose of her younger writing years, of composing with a weird green silk cap with a red bow in it on her head, and an old party-wrap of scarlet thrown about her as a "glory-cloak," was one indication of her real simplicity. One had to be very young for that.

Here is an agreeable glimpse of our own King Edward which reveals Miss Alcott's sense of fun and sympathy with boyish gaiety:

"I went to Boston and saw the Prince of Wales trot over the Common with his train at a review—a yellow-haired laddie, very like his mother. Fanny W. and I nodded and waved as he passed, and he openly winked his boyish eye at us, for Fanny with her yellow curls and wild waving looked rather rowdy, and the poor little prince wanted some fun. We laughed and thought that we had been more distinguished by the saucy wink than by a stately bow. Boys are always jolly—even princes."

Thus spoke Miss Alcott, lover of boys, beloved of girls.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE WAY UP.*

The state of the novelist of to-day is peculiarly happy. There is no modern Thackeray or Dickens to overawe him; there is an enormous public prepared to demand his works at the circulating library if he is so fortunate as to please the popular taste; there are critics, major and minor, anxious to shine in reflected glory by being first in the field to discover great merit or even great promise; and, while the standard of the best publishing houses is high, a novel must be very bad indeed not to find acceptance at the hands of one of those firms that seem to exist only for the purpose of purveying indifferent fiction. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that innumerable men, women, aye, and those who are little more than children, rush, if not always into print, at least into the production of manuscript. Yet, while so much that is written and published is unworthy of notice, it is nevertheless a fact that there has not been a period in the history of English letters when the average merit of novels was so high as it is now. Indeed, it is not too much to say that if a reader knows how to pick his fiction, he can find enough really good books in that branch of literature issued every year to occupy all his leisure. He will not find a "Mr. Strudge," a "King's Mirror," or a "Beloved Vagabond" at each dip in the lucky-bag of the circulating library, but it is odds that he will get a readable novel. Since the retirement of Mr. Hardy, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Percy White, and Mr. Locke have held the bridge against all comers; but they are year by year being reinforced by new-comers, among whom may be mentioned the authors of "Broke of Covenden," "Joseph Vance," "The Man of Property," and "Heather." The only woman-writer who can be classed with these rising hopes of English fiction is Miss Willcocks, who in the last five years has published "The Wingless Victory," "Widdicombe," and "A Man of Genius." No critic "discovered" her, but a publisher, Mr. John Lane, who has a gift for finding meritorious unpublished writers of fiction.

In "The Wingless Victory" and "Widdicombe," both of which were popular successes, there was much to please the critical as well as the uncritical reader. There was a well-told story in each book and admirable character-drawing in both. Praise could also be given to "A Man of Genius," though this work was not so convincing as its predecessors, notwithstanding it showed a marked improvement in technique. In "The Way Up" Miss Willcocks has taken a broader canvas than she has before used upon which to paint her picture; and up to a certain point in the story it is the best work she has ever done. We feel her absolute mastery of the story and of the characters up to that point, the point where she brings her heroine to London. It would appear that the author has no inside knowledge of stage-land, wherein the heroine deports herself during the last chapters, and the descriptions of the theatrical characters and of the theatrical atmosphere are far removed from life. All that part is unreal. This is to be deplored because of the great merit of the earlier part of the story.

The characterisation is particularly good. Michael Strode, the hero, is especially well-conceived. As a young man he sacrifices fortune without a pang in order to have opportunities to study the lot of the workman by himself labouring in a factory as "a hand"; and as a middle-aged man he is still filled with enthusiasm to improve the condition of the class whose interests he had made his own. Though he has married a wealthy wife, he insists on living in a small house in the workmen's quarter, and it is his one ambition to make over the factory he owns, acquired with his wife's money, to the workmen to run for their own benefit. He is so absorbed in his calculations and in his theories, that he alienates the wife who was devoted to him, and never attracts the only child of the marriage. The wife, too, is happily depicted, a pleasure-loving minx, whose love of gaiety and society is long held in check by her affection for her husband. But the greatest character is Michael Strode's mother. Mrs. Strode is a figure that lingers in the memory—a large-hearted, broad-minded woman, who loves her son, and, miracle of miracles in a mother, sees him as he is, with all his faults as well as with all his virtues. She is cast in a large mould, and in conceiving her the author has shown herself possessed of a very genuine gift of creation. Other characters deserve more consideration than space allows. Mrs. Lesueur, Cecily Strode, Aviolet, John Pym and his wife, are all real flesh and blood, and assist to make the story very real. Indeed, in spite of what has been said about the later chapters, "The Way Up" is a book that no reader of novels should pass by, and one which may not be ignored by that smaller public that is interested in the development of the newer school of writers of fiction.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

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* "The Way Up." By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (John Lane.)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD?*

Mr. Chesterton is not an easy person to review. Even when he casts his ideas in the form of more or less coherent narrative of the type of "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" or "The Ball and the Cross," it is something of a tax upon one's powers to convey to one's readers the real gist of his work, or to render any clear reason for assenting to or differing from the philosophy he expounds. His volumes of scattered opuscula have been even more difficult to criticise: one felt, when editorially bidden to tackle them, as a man might feel who was ordered to "review" the British Museum or the storeroom of a pawnbroker in a large and catholic line of business. There is a story that James II. once sat for his portrait to Varelst, the flower-painter. When the picture was finished the features of the sitter were lost amidst convolutions of roses, lilies, and tulips, and everybody who saw it took it for a flower-piece. Macaulay, to whom I owe this illustration, was himself a verbal artist something of that kind, and as a boy I generally had to read one of his historical studies half a dozen times before I was at all sure of the net impression he desired to convey. But Mr. Chesterton carries the trick to a length unapproached by any other writer who has ever held a pen. He is like a man who takes you out to show you the Matterhorn or the Jungfrau, and who discourses to you with such delightful and distracting eloquence about orology in general, schist and gneiss and granite and tufa; the marmot, the ibex, and the chamois; the blue gentian and the edelweiss, that, the excursion finished, you wonder if you have really seen the mountain at all. There have been moments, during my perusal of his last volume, when I have felt inclined to accept seriously the query and statement inscribed upon its cover—"What's Wrong with the World?—G. K. Chesterton."

That the book is a perfect salmagundi of independent good things, a hotch-potch of wit, humour, shrewdness, and knowledge of the world, interspersed with occasional nuggets and nodules of pure nonsense, might be allowed to go without saying: if it did not answer to that description it could not be Mr. Chesterton's work. There are one or two bits of pure unreason of which Mr. Chesterton appears to be especially fond. He exploits one of them, for at least the sixth time, quite early in the book, on page 4, where he speaks of "the gaping absurdity of talking about 'young nations' and 'dying nations.'" He tells us that to say that Canada must soon produce a literature is like saying that Canada must soon grow a moustache. The reasons why Canada has not yet produced a literature and the reasons why she will certainly soon produce one are surely plain enough. Her territory has hitherto been peopled entirely by the pioneer class, which has been far too busily engaged in the rough work of dominating the physical difficulties of an unsettled country either to produce or to care to import the artistic parasite. She has broken the back of that gigantic task, and is turning now towards the charms of art as naturally as a tired man after a hard day's work in the open turns towards home with its restful attractions of books, pictures, and music. "People," says Mr. Chesterton, "say that Spain has entered on final senility; they might as well say that Spain is losing all her teeth." Spain *has* lost her teeth, not by any natural process of decay, as has happened to innumerable other nations in the history of the world, but by the simpler process of drawing them, by which I mean that for several generations Spain made it her most pressing business to burn every Spaniard who possessed an extra spoonful of brains or an extra grain of intellectual or moral pluck. And she has recently proved her rooted distaste for a second crop of grinders by shooting Francisco Ferrer.

I trust that I am not doing Mr. Chesterton an injustice when I say that the impression he conveys to me of his view of the wrongness of the world is, that we do not, in some way and by some method he fails to prescribe, turn round in our tracks and begin the work of civilisation all over again. He tells us that that little feat could be performed quite easily, that we could revive stage-coaches or the Heptarchy if we chose to. This, all students of his work will readily see, is cognate with his oft-repeated assertion that a belief possible in one age is possible in any other age. To which one can only reply, as politely as may be, that the fact is not so. The equatorial nigger to-day believes that vast, vague forces compared with which cordite and melinite are children's sweetmeats lie latent in a couple of crossed twigs or a rag of scarlet cloth, and not so long ago Mr. Chesterton's ancestors and mine would have believed the same had they been authoritatively told to believe it. But Mr. Chesterton is neither an equatorial nigger nor a primeval Briton, nor am I, and so such a belief is not possible to either of us.

On re-reading this article so far as it yet goes, I am conscious of doing "What's Wrong with the World?" considerably less than justice. If the book consisted only, or even mainly, of such unprofitable quibbles—and it does contain a good many—it would be hardly worth writing of at all. But it holds between its covers a great deal of true thinking and ripe wisdom. What Mr. Chesterton has to say regarding the much-debated feminist movement in its present development is as well worth study as any bit of current polemics I have read for many a year past. It would take greatly more space than I have to spare to summarise his arguments, but I cannot too insistently urge any reader who desires thoroughly to understand the matter to read them for himself. Both as a thinker and a writer they show Mr. Chesterton at his best.

He is hardly so happy in those numerous passages in which he assails his pet bogey, Socialism, and the passage on page 275, propounding his method of "dishing" the Socialists, although written apparently with perfect gravity, can scarcely be seriously meant. It is to the effect that our plutocrats "must 'shell out,' as the phrase goes, to a vastly greater extent than any Radical politician has yet dared to suggest; they must endure burdens much heavier than the Budget and strokes much deadlier than the death duties; for the thing to be done is nothing more nor less than the distribution of the great fortunes and the great estates. We can now only avoid Socialism by a change as vast as Socialism. If we are to save property we must distribute property, almost as sternly and sweepingly as did the French Revolution." Does Mr. Chesterton in his mind's eye see the British plutocrat—aristocrat or industrial—taxing himself for the benefit of his country, or for the benefit of anything or anybody? Here indeed that incurable optimism which we have hitherto known as his most distinguished moral characteristic nobly proclaims itself. "Mais, si c'est là notre seul espoir, nous sommes bien malades."

Henry Murray.

* "What's Wrong with the World?" By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Cassell.)

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.*

In his way, the fourth of modern English Cardinals was as able a man as his famous predecessors. Wiseman was distinguished by his culture, Manning by his political ability, Newman by his genius as a philosophic writer, and Vaughan by his talent as an administrator. Unfortunately a talent for administration, especially when restricted to the narrow field of ecclesiastical affairs, is one of those gifts which often bring a man immediate reward but fail

* "The Life of Cardinal Vaughan." By J. G. Snea-Cox. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

to secure for him a lasting fame. So it was with Vaughan. He did a very considerable amount of useful work, but left no mark on the history or literature of his country. Though he was a man of a romantic cast of character, in which were strangely combined the fervidness of the Celt and the practical sense of the Saxon, even the memory of his remarkable personality has not survived. This is largely due to his powers of reserve. A certain pride, the pride of an English gentleman of ancient lineage, made him suppress the imaginative element in his nature, and as Carlyle would say, "consume his own smoke." He found Newman's "Apologia" inspired by a "disgusting egotism"; yet his own temperament was just as lyrical, and in the crises of his life he always turned to a private diary and poured out his most intimate thoughts and feelings. These diaries form by far the most interesting material, out of which his relative and biographer, Mr. J. G. Snead-Cox, has made the work under review.

Like the generality of modern biographies the book, which runs to a thousand pages, is much too long. It is rather a general history of Roman Catholicism in the latter half of the nineteenth century than an essay in portraiture. Still, it contains, among other things, the rough matter for the biography of a wonderful man. The story of the spiritual life of Herbert Vaughan is calculated to attract men of a religious turn of mind in every Christian community. He was a militant saint of the mediæval type: a man bred and inclined to the life of a soldier but diverted to a higher end by a sudden resurgence of strong, religious feeling. Like the iron bracelet with spikes driven into the flesh which he wore concealed on his left arm, his inner life was a stern discipline undertaken joyfully in the hope of the Divine Union. With his superb features and stately figure, he seemed, in comparison with the ascetic form of Manning and the spiritual presence of Newman, a worldly prince of religion, a Cardinal of the Renaissance period, another Wolsey. In point of fact, he was a man thrust very unwillingly into the high positions he occupied. He fell under the influence of Manning, who made him a first-rate administrator, but prevented him from being what he wanted to be, a lonely, humble missionary whose thirst for martyrdom was restrained only by his passion for saving heathen souls. His love for the heathen was as intense as his aversion to sceptics of every kind. He came of a family that had suffered for its religion since the days of Elizabeth, and so strong was his faith that he could not sympathise with honest doubters. In his last illness, however, he lost for a time his belief in God, and recovered it a little while before he died. Had this terrible experience occurred earlier in his life, Vaughan might have acquired more insight into the temper of the age, and been more fitted to deal with it.

E. W.

MARY COLERIDGE.*

The literary Coleridges spread into three centuries, but no later member of the sept suggests a spiritual inheritance from S. T. C. so distinctly as the gentle lady whose life-story is here told by Miss Sichel. She was a shy "beautiful soul" without the repellent symptoms that are occasionally seen in these minor saints. Mary Elizabeth Coleridge was the niece of the peer and the great-niece of the poet, and she had a goodly measure of the gift of song. Here is "a ballade of Autumn" only eight lines long, which is specially remarkable as the work of a child of thirteen:

"Life is passing slowly,
Death is drawing near,
Life and Death are holy,
What have we to fear?

"Faded leaves are falling,
Birds are on the wing,
All that dies in Autumn
Lives again in Spring."

In the weird quality of some of her prose stories she recalls the eeriness of the author of the "Ancient Mariner." There is one unfinished, "The Devil at the Guildhall," that would be as difficult for another hand to complete satisfactorily as "Christabel" has been. As a writer of historical novels, Mary Coleridge is a disciple of the elder Dumas, of whom she was a great admirer. In one of her letters she writes: "When I get to Heaven (perhaps *if* might be a more suitable beginning) Dumas is the first person I shall ask for." Whilst her longer stories are very much better than most of those provided for the modern novel-reader, they do not reach the classic heights, and some of them are strangely unreal alike in incident and character. But with all their imperfections they are quite distinct from the ephemera that float into the circulating library.

This volume is a worthy memorial of a spirit touched to the nobler issues of life. Miss Sichel has not "condescended to particulars" as much as we could wish, but she has given a sympathetic and convincing portrait. There is a pathetic interest in Miss Coleridge's search for friendship among the poor. In spite of her admiration for the life and teaching of Tolstoy, she felt the difficulty of bridging the gulf made by inheritance and education between the rich and poor—in England. This volume includes a lecture on Queen Elizabeth which was given for the benefit of some working girls, and is a humorously vivid presentation of the character of one who is but a vague abstraction to many maidens—and to many men—both poor and rich. Miss Coleridge was not free from religious doubts, yet "If I die I am going to God" were among the last words she spoke. Her intellectual interests are reflected in the notes she has made of the table talk of William Cory, the scholar and poet who had a class of girls learning Greek from him—learning because they loved learning—and being taught by him because he loved teaching—without pay. In addition to the Greek lesson he enriched their minds by many discursive and suggestive *obiter dicta*. He has a whimsical reference to Gladstone. He sold a book given by the statesman in order "to go down to Devonshire" to vote against him. There are many fragmentary bits of good criticism. Thus of the Middle Ages Cory says: "They liked their history and theology at second hand—in a portable shape—in sandwiches, so to speak. They didn't read Livy, they read Valerius Maximus. Bradshaw told me he had never seen the catalogue of a mediæval library that had not got Valerius Maximus in it." The classical and antiquarian lore is intermingled with paradoxes and with personal opinions that add to the charm. These "Coryana" are quite as good reading as the French "-anas," though not so elaborate as some of those Gallic volumes.

But better than Cory's sayings are the passages from the letters and diaries of Mary Coleridge. They show her many-sided interests in literature and in life. Her judgments are frankly independent. Some of her sayings are seeds from which poems might have grown. Here is a potential poem: "There's one desire I never can resist—a longing to break the great black root, a lump of coal, and free the golden flower within. What if people do call it prosaically 'poking the fire from the top.'" But the humorist laughs at the poet in Mary Coleridge's double personality. There is a fusion of two elements in this passage: "I incline to think that it is not three people who make a congregation but one. Alone I am a host in myself; oppressed on every side by masses of yawning fellow-Christians, how can I be devout? (I am not.) Even if they are not yawning, what is the feverish excitement of a crowd hanging on the rhetoric of the local vicar to the quiet Apocalypse of a solitary person under the sky

* "Gathered Leaves from the Prose of Mary E. Coleridge." With a Memoir by Edith Sichel. 7s. 6d. (Constable & Co.)

among the trees? 'The Heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.' *After all, even a cathedral declares the glory of man.*" Miss Coleridge was a good critic of art, but when we are told "Christian artists have often blinded Justice but they never blinded Hope," she must for the moment have forgotten the bandaged eyes in Watts's noble personification of that great but sometimes delusive consoler of the human race. There is a fine touch in her discrimination between two great lights of the Victorian age: "There's just this difference between them, that Rossetti was a poet and Matthew Arnold was a man who wrote poetry."

We congratulate Miss Sichel on the portraiture of a bright yet serious spirit, a spirit whose darkest deeps were healthy—not morbid. It is a pleasant picture of a soul that loved solitude but obeyed the call of duty when it summoned her to mingle in busy haunts; of one gifted with a measure of creative power who was exhilarated—not overcome—by success, and who accepted with resignation life's inevitable sorrows and disappointments. This story of Mary Coleridge's life may be commended to the lovers of literary biography. And if there are any who doubt her right to a place in English literature let them read the short story of "Long live the King"—reprinted from *Rare Bits*, of all sources in the world—and their doubts will have an end.

William E. A. Axon.

A COURAGEOUS HATER.*

On putting down Mr. Hyatt's book one is inclined to ask: Is there anything under the sun, contrary to his forcefully unconventional opinions, for which he has the tolerance of the average man of the world? So often do we meet with "I loathe" and "I hate" on his pages that either "No" must be the answer to the above question, or Mr. Hyatt has written his memories out of a set purpose that does not appear on the surface. It is difficult to believe that a man who is, apparently, but little over thirty years of age; who has adventured in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and who has made that failing success which usually amounts to a fine achievement in the whole, can be so embittered genuinely. The pertinent query arises: Is this a passing phase of the author's mental development, or is it permanent? To many who have watched Mr. Hyatt's literary career with sympathy and interest (and I profess to be one of them) this question, which is rapped out with a sort of shameless persistency on every page, is of more moment than all else in his book. For, after all, his memories contain nothing that materially affects a single person beyond himself. His doings were the average of the wanderer who does not take to actual vagabondage the world around; who, in one country after another, moves from occupation to occupation, according to the whim or the needs of the moment; often actuated by a spirit of adventure, yet never a renegade or even lawless to the land of his temporary sojourn. And sometimes there *was* caprice in what he did. Well, one against the other, there is usually more interest in the whimsical than in the following of a methodical plan—that is in the ordinary affairs of life, though the life be colonial and touched with adventure.

So unimportant are Mr. Hyatt's happenings, to all except himself, that in the hands of the thousands of men who have gone through much the same, or had more hairbreadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach of flood or field, material success or starvation, these doings would be made to pall on any experienced reader. But in spite of a certain level sameness that marks his pages, whereby the excitement and the drama of incident is often sacrificed to personal expression, he has so stamped the whole volume with a persistent bitterness, which never rises to the dignity of a passion, that every line seems to have been steeped just so long in fairly good vinegar. This is the force, the grip of Mr. Hyatt's memories—a force that is attained by what the rustic means in "dinging" as against the force which we mean by "power"; the grip of the misanthrope who lacks the necessary virility, or is not sufficiently in earnest, to hate terribly. It is the buttonholing of the hypochondriac, somewhat ludicrous because of his apparent health and strength; who clothes his ever-flowing complaints in sardonic humour thin as muslin but tough as hide; who is too light and numerous in his hates for them to be anything more than common dislike; and who may yet—as by certain interpolations he causes one to think—return to a wiser view-point of most of his old illusions. Such is the really and profoundly interesting portion of this diary, so frank at times as to be quite boyishly injudicious and unbalanced; and the threefold inquiry abides: Is it permanent, is it passing, or is it the stage apparel of the part that is now being played?

To turn to the less compelling part of the book ("less" to me, perhaps because I have seen a rather large share of men and things beyond the pale of those conventions against which Mr. Hyatt girds so continually and at times so rightly), its author's doings, one finds that his very list of occupations foretells interest. The list is: "engineer, sheep-station hand, nigger-driver, hunter, trader, transport-rider, labour-agent, cold-storage engineer, explorer, lecturer, pressman, American soldier, blockade-runner, tramp." This last "style and title" is probably enough to show that the list is not chronological. It was during his service under the Stars and Stripes that he obtained the material for "Little Brown Brother"; while out of his South African experiences, as nigger-driver, hunter, trader, transport-rider, explorer, and rubber-seeker, there came "Marcus Hay" and an excellent volume of Rhodesian recollections,

The author in 1899.

From "The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune," by Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Werner Laurie.)

* "The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

etc. From South Africa he and his brother (to whom he pays a most commendable tribute of praise and affection) went to the Mauritius. They started with empty pockets, "bluffed" their passage half-way across the Indian Ocean, then proceeded to make money—or try to, rather—by lecturing in the rent-free municipal theatre of St. Louis. Apart from the dogged determination to push onward which marks the book from cover to cover, this lecturing affair is the best thing in a volume that is never dull. In fact the whole thing is too original to be dull. But in the account of the unsuccessful lecturing there are none of the "hatings" and "loathings" which so characterise Mr. Hyatt's opinions generally.

The lecture was to begin at 8.30. Five minutes after that time "the 'house' only amounted to fifteen rupees." But outside there were several hundreds of creoles who might enter at the end of another half-hour. So Mr. Hyatt asked the audience to have a little patience.

> "A voice from the dress circle, evidently British, answered, 'That's all right, old fellow. But come and have a whisky and soda meanwhile.' Naturally I accepted, from the stage—it was terribly hot in that theatre—and, leaving the fifteen-rupee house to reflect on the pure beauty of a blank magic-lantern screen, I went round to meet the stranger, who turned out to be a splendid old man, tough and rugged, the head of the locomotive yard. . . . We were away a little less than the half-hour, and when I returned I found that Amyas (his brother) had reduced the seats to half-price. There was quite a rush at first, and we got in another thirty rupees; but before long it was obvious that no one else was coming, so we announced that all seats would now be free. There were eighteen police in the theatre; but it took them all their time to keep what they considered to be order. The unwashed of Port Louis made the most of their chance. Creole and Chinaman, Zanzibari and Zulu, Hindu and Afghan, Mongrel and Nondescript rushed through the doors, fought and clawed in the corridors, scrambled over the seats, into the dress circle, into the stalls, even into the Mayor's sacred box, jabbering like a lot of baboons who have sighted a leopard. I did not lecture. While Amyas worked the lantern, I spent an hour in alternately imploring for silence and hurling insults at my audience; though, as not one in the fifty of the latter understood English, it did not matter greatly what I said."

Then Amyas produced his banjo; and, shorn of two fingers though he was, "Bonnie Scotland" made the Creoles yell and yell again for more. (That Mauritius, the scene of St. Pierre's masterpiece, must be the abiding place of sentiment. It was in St. Louis that a certain young hair-brained rascal in my company began to shed tears when he suddenly heard a song that had been a favourite thing in his English home.) However, Mr. Hyatt does not give us much of this; more of it would have relieved his pages somewhat. All the same it is a book that compels a full perusal, even while it jars violently with one's well-examined ideas of things.

J. E. PATTERSON.

THE RISE OF A MODERN WATERING-PLACE.*

The authors of the substantial volume dealing with that delightful watering-place, Bournemouth, possess special qualifications for their task, Mr. Charles H. Mate having for many years been the editor of the oldest local newspaper, and Mr. Charles Riddle occupying the position of Borough Librarian. It is perhaps not altogether easy to conceive how the history of so comparatively modern a place as Bournemouth can have any great historic, antiquarian, or romantic interest. But we may safely say that none who read this story of the rise and development of the town will do so without pleasure and considerable profit.

All who are interested in the evolution of a fashionable watering-place and of a town which has earned itself a reputation for beauty and good government second to none in the kingdom, will, we fancy, read with pleasure its history from the time it was little more than a group of smugglers' and fishermen's huts to the present day, when the County Borough of Bournemouth "includes an area of nearly 6,000 acres, with six miles of sea frontage, and upwards of 600 acres of parks, pleasure grounds, and open spaces secured for all time." It has a population, too, of something approaching 80,000, and a ratable value rapidly nearing three-quarters of a million.

The story of Bournemouth's evolution from the village which its so-called founder, Mr. L. D. G. Tregonwell, left behind him to the great town of to-day is well told and makes excellent reading. Smuggling, of course, plays an important part in the romantic element of any historical account of the town, and if we have a grievance against the authors, it is for their apology in the intensely interesting chapter headed "Smuggling," where they state that they have no desire "to dwell too long on a subject so unpleasant as a catalogue of crime."

In the chapter of "The Marine Village of Bourne" there is a great deal of interesting matter dealing with the erection of the earliest of villa residences in the Valley of the Bourne. One quaint stipulation in connection with the leases of these first houses (recently pulled down), then described as "residential villas," was the clause that provided that in case the ground landlord should erect a church or chapel, and so soon as Divine Service should be performed according to the rites of the Church of England, then the lessees should pay "on the 29th September yearly and every year during the said term the sum of £1 sterling as rent for the use of a pew or three sittings for his family in the Church, Chapel, or place of worship."

The book is no mere dry-as-dust local history, but a volume which will be of considerable interest to those who may neither know nor have visited the town. Its value is greatly enhanced by the large number of excellent illustrations from old photographs, drawings, and plans which it contains.

* "Bournemouth, 1810 to 1910. The History of a Modern Health and Pleasure Resort." By Charles H. Mate and Charles Riddle. Illustrations and maps. 5s. (W. Mate & Sons. Ltd., Bournemouth.)

POEMS AND BALLADS.*

Mr. Alfred H. Miles has long been well known as the compiler and editor of several popular books of recitations and of the famous series of Fifty-two Stories for Girls and Fifty-two Stories for Boys. He has now made a collection of the poems, ballads, and recitations that he has written himself, and Messrs. Stanley Paul have issued them in a very tastefully produced volume with an excellent frontispiece portrait of the author. The poems cover a wide range of thought and emotion; many of the lyrics, notably those that have love for their theme, or childhood, or the sadness and beauty of death, are full of tenderness and charm; and the ballads dealing with the romance of history, and some of those written for recitation, have colour and warmth and movement, and at times a touch of that fine enthusiasm that stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet. There is the right roystering vigour in his "Soldier's Song," and a glowing ardour of patriotism in the song "To Alfred the Great." One of the daintiest of the love lyrics is perhaps that called simply "Rose," which opens thus:

> "In the garden of Love there is one in the centre who grows
> With the grace of the lily, the face and the breath of the rose;
> A love that has never been uttered, I know, and she knows.
>
> "And I am contented though never a word may be spoken,
> Though never a sigh be a sign or a tear be a token;
> The troth that is plighted in silence can never be broken."

But Mr. Miles has humour as well as sentiment and pathos and the fiery spirit of patriotism, and his humorous poems

* "Original Poems and Ballads and Tales in Verse." By Alfred H. Miles. 3s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

Mr. Alfred H. Miles.

From frontispiece portrait in "Original Poems and Ballads and Tales in Verse," by Alfred H. Miles. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

and recitations run for the most part in catchy and ingenious metres and are delightfully amusing. In his facility, his love of everyday themes, his genial humanity and brave optimism, he will remind you of Charles Mackay; he is a poet for the people, touching on the things that matter to every man in the street, with a manliness and simple forcefulness that make these verses worth a wilderness of the affected prettinesses and windy vagueness that too often pass for poetry. It is a book we can strongly recommend to the professional reciter—he will find in it what he is always looking for; and to the ordinary reader who has any taste for good verse.

A BOOK OF MEMORIES.*

Two things impress themselves very quickly upon the reader who takes up Mrs. Fyvie Mayo's volume of "Recollections." The first is the refreshing honesty and naturalness of the writer; the second is the immense change which has taken place in the customs, manners, and appearance of London since the days of her childhood, such a comparatively short time ago. Mrs. Fyvie Mayo, who has written much under the pseudonym of "Edward Garrett" and under her own name, was born in Bedford Street, Strand, and the opening chapters of her volume give pen-pictures of her early home at the baker's shop, and of other dwellers in the street; these pictures give also picturesque glimpses into the London of fifty or sixty years ago.

"In my childish days," she remarks, "lamp-lighters went about at twilight bearing ladders, which they had to mount at each lamp-post. The postmen wore scarlet coats and top-hats. They struck a pretty note of colour in the streets. Policemen also wore high hats and long, heavy coats of pelisse-like pattern. My eldest sister, fourteen years my senior, remembered the old 'Charlies,' with their long-drawn-out cries, 'Ten o'clock, and a—fine—moonlight—night!' or whatever the weather might be."

To us the watchman has become a real antiquity, and before long we feel the lamp-lighter will be but an antiquated institution. It was after her father's death that Isabella Fyvie found she had to face anxiety and poverty and hard work. Conditions of life were very different then from what they are now in the matter of women's work, but even then there could be seen the beginnings of the "emancipation." This "emancipation" was, at any rate, a blessed development for Miss Fyvie; it enabled her to do that which was so seriously necessary at the time—to go out into the world and earn, by means of her pen, money for her home and for a haunting debt. Addressing envelopes, copying law-papers, writing stories—no toil came amiss, and the account of this brave and untiring struggle of a young girl to conquer Fate is one to win genuine admiration and to interest us afresh in the methods which were even then in existence for the help of the unprovided-for daughters. As the "Recollections" proceed, we move on from London to Scotland; and frank, indeed, are some of the criticisms of Aberdeen men and manners. Many stories of second-sight and other phenomena are also given, anecdotes are told, famous and interesting persons are described; and the whole book is an engrossing chronicle, told vivaciously, frankly, picturesquely, but without bitterness or real censoriousness.

* "Recollections of Fifty Years." By Isabella Fyvie Mayo. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

THE OXFORD AMATEURS.*

It is scarcely possible to write a consecutive account of amateur theatricals at Oxford. The records are too sparse and show too many gaps. The authorities alternately blessed and banned the histrionic efforts of their students, so that often enough the mumming was done in secret. Then again, the fashion or the spirit of an era exercised its influence over the youth of the nation and affected the mode in which their high spirits found outlet; the stage stands but a poor chance of attention in times of civil war or religious revival. There were of course performances of miracle-plays and moralities in the Oxford of the Middle Ages, as in the other large towns of England, and scholars of All Souls', Balliol, and Christ Church are specially mentioned as taking part in such enterprises. At the Universities, as elsewhere, the burlesque ceremony of consecrating the Boy-Bishop, and receiving his mock blessing in the midst of songs and dances and buffoonery, was kept up and accompanied by some sort of dramatic entertainment till the frolic was suppressed by Elizabeth. Then the vernacular play and the masque came into vogue, and these had their share of royal sanction at Oxford at such times as the great Queen or the first James or Charles paid visits to the city of spires and towers. Needless to say, the Puritan Revolution was not favourable to the cultivation of amateur, any more than professional, acting, while in the eighteenth century cards and dice and wine-parties seem to have absorbed undergraduate energies. Lord North, it is true, is credited with having written and helped to interpret a farce at Trinity, and certain charades and farces of the Foote type were given occasionally in private rooms. But it was not really till the Victorian age that there was any revival of enthusiasm for the drama at Oxford, such movements as Methodism, Puseyism, and Chartism serving instead as distractions to the University student. Oddly enough, the growth of a passion for outdoor sports appears to have been responsible for a return to more joyous indoor

* "The Oxford Amateurs: A Short History of Theatricals at the University." By Alan Mackinnon. With a Foreword by the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley. 16s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

recreations. Brasenose, the great home of athleticism in the reign of Queen Victoria, can pride itself on having restarted the fashion of college theatricals. In those days men had to play the women's parts, and there are some quaint photographs still extant which exhibit undergraduates who afterwards made names in the world—Cotsford Dick, H. D. Traill, the Hon. A. G. Yorke, and Sir Stephen H. Gatty, for example—got up in feminine garb and coiffure. Gradually acting became a mania at Oxford and the "dons" grew alarmed. It was being overdone, the dressing up in women's clothes was disliked, and so in 1869, by the Vice-Chancellor's decree, theatricals at the University were sternly suppressed. A decade later the Hon. James Adderley and Mr. Alan Mackinnon came up to Oxford and resolved to revive its stage traditions. Their fight for official "recognition" was sharp and spirited, but their labours were eventually crowned with success, and it is his description of this struggle which makes the most interesting part of a book in which, under the title of "The Oxford Amateurs," Mr. Mackinnon has compiled a history of undergraduate acting at his University.

Light-heartedness seems always to have characterised those concerned with Oxford theatricals, and Mr. Adderley and his colleague, though serious enough in their purpose, were also bent on fun. Probably half the joy of conflict lay in the fact that their art was forbidden; certainly the Philo-Thespians, a society founded by them about 1880, had far more exciting experiences than ever had its respectable and officially approved successor, the "O.U.D.S." What sport, for instance, it was when they had been playing at Bicester, and were coming home by the last night train, to dodge the proctors waiting on the platform—to get out, that is to say, before the engine steamed into the station and make their way home on foot! Even their difficulties afforded them laughter as well as their audiences:

> "Our 'actresses' were beautifully and indeed extravagantly gowned, but the *voice* gave the show away. When a man who has been known in stentorian tones, and with a ring of Shimei-like cursing, to roar at an indifferent 'torpid,' 'You're all rowing badly except Five, and he's rowing d—d badly,' attempts the part of a sweet, fragile young heroine, what can one expect? . . . When a gentleman exquisitely got up in what is called a 'ravishing' costume came to the line, 'How about the earrings you promised me, dear papa?' the house fairly rocked with laughter, for the *daughter* had the deepest bass voice I have ever heard."

But the authorities were not for long to maintain their ban, nor were the "female impersonators" destined to afford much more amusement. Father Adderley, who contributes very appropriately an all too modest foreword to Mr. Mackinnon's chronicles, stuck tenaciously to his task of securing official countenance for the University amateurs, and he found support in high quarters. Even as Senior Proctor Canon Scott Holland eyed their proceedings benevolently, and another "don," now one of the best-known dramatic critics in London, Mr. W. L. Courtney, worked hard in their behalf. At last Jowett, the Vice-Chancellor, was won over, and permitted public amateur performances to take place once more—under conditions. One condition, which was afterwards relaxed in favour of "Strafford," confined the undergraduate actors to Shakespearean and Greek plays; the other, a very wise rule, required that women should undertake women's rôles. The "O.U.D.S." came into existence—just twenty-five years ago—and has justified its existence by presenting interesting revivals of dramas of Aristophanes, Euripides, Shakespeare, and Browning, and by giving to the London stage actors so distinguished as Arthur Bourchier, H. B. Irving, Holman Clark, and Charles Maude. Of all the achievements of the Society, and the organisations which preceded it, Mr. Mackinnon writes in bright and lively style and with a conscience for accuracy. He also prints the cast of every production of the "O.U.D.S." and a full list of its members. But perhaps the most attractive feature of this volume is the splendid series of photographs and other illustrations—two hundred and more in number—with which it is adorned. These of themselves, as the author suggests, provide a sort of conspectus of the progress of Oxford theatricals.

F. G. BETTANY.

MOTLEY AND BISMARCK.*

The historian of the Netherlands and the founder of the German Empire had few opinions in common; Motley was a passionate advocate of political liberty, and Bismarck believed in military despotism; yet they were old and intimate friends. Motley was born at Boston in the United States in 1814, and Bismarck in Brandenburg in 1815, but they were brought together by chance when they were young university students. "We lived together," says Motley, "almost in the same rooms for two years—some ages ago when we were both *juvenes imberbes*, and have renewed our friendship since. He is a man of great talent and most undaunted courage. . . . A frank reactionaire, and makes no secret of it." This was written in 1863, when Motley was American Ambassador at Vienna, and Bismarck the loneliest and most abused man in Europe, engaged in crushing his own parliament and fighting his own Queen and Crown Prince, and preparing at the same time for the war of supremacy between Prussia and Austria. Motley was then the only man besides Roon who clearly and fully recognised the genius of the future Empire-builder. It is this that gives the Bismarck letters in "John Lothrop Motley and his Family" an interest which rather eclipses that of the rest of the work. Mrs. Mildmay, who edits the correspondence, has arranged with loving care that part of her father's letters which relates to his family life in New England, London, and Vienna. It is admirably done, and it forms an agreeable supplement to the biography of Motley written by Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1879, and the collection of the famous historian's letters edited by G. W. Curtis in 1889; but it is the new Bismarck material contributed to the volume by Mr. Motley's eldest daughter, Lady Harcourt, wife of the great Liberal statesman, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, which will engage the attention of the reading public in all parts of the world.

"If I had been Bismarck's brother, instead of an old friend, he could not have shown more warmth and affectionate delight in seeing me," says Motley, after renewing his relations with his old college chum. But this did not prevent the lover of freedom and the man of blood and iron methods from differing profoundly in matters of politics. When the war between the Northern and Southern States of America broke out, Bismarck, busy with the conquest of Schleswig-Holstein, wrote to Motley, "Do you know what you are fighting for?" Motley's reply was superb:

> "You asked me if we knew what we were fighting for. I can't let the question go unanswered. We are fighting to preserve the existence of a magnificent commonwealth, and to annihilate the loathsome institution of negro slavery. If men can't fight for such a cause, they had better stop fighting furthermore. Certainly since mankind ever had a history, and amused themselves with cutting each other's throats, there never in the course of all the ages was better cause for war than we have."

After Bismarck had, as he said to Motley, "squeezed the poor Danes," the two friends met, and Motley seems to have then won over the powerful German Minister, and made him a supporter of the Northern American States; but Bismarck was also very eloquent, and if he did not entirely convert Motley to his own views in politics, he at least convinced him that continental constitutionalism was a sham. Motley was also satisfied as to the rectitude of his despotic friend's intentions, and in his next letter he said, "I shall refrain from giving you any advice as to how you are to deal with Schleswig-Holstein. Do you remember

* "John Lothrop Motley and his Family: Further Letters and Records." Edited by his Daughter and St. John Mildmay. 16s. net. (Lane.)

what the 'formal old fop' of a parson in 'The Antiquary' used to say to Miss Griselda, much to the indignation of her brother, Jonathan Oldbuck: 'Madam, I drink to your inclinations, provided always they be virtuous'? Well, I drink to your inclinations without that proviso."

Grocers never eat figs in private life, Motley used to say to Bismarck, and the two politicians seldom discussed politics when they met or corresponded. When they did it was in a light and jesting manner. During the Franco-German war, however, Motley, in the cause of peace, brought all his authority as an old friend to bear on Bismarck. "The more moderate the terms on the part of the Conqueror at the supreme moment," he wrote in a pleading letter, "the greater would be the confidence inspired for the future, and the more secure the foundations of a durable peace." In the margin of the letter in Bismark's handwriting are the words "D——n confidence." But the friendship between the two men lasted till Motley's death in 1877.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

WITH A PREHISTORIC PEOPLE.*

We are late in welcoming this remarkable book, which has already been received with unusual respect by literary reviewers, and by ethnologists crowned as a model contribution to their treasure-house of scientific material. For my own part, though the octavo is large, and, owing to the thick paper required for the 136 fine plates, terribly heavy, though its 350 pages contain little but facts related tersely, unaffectedly, but with a certain taking vivacity, I closed the book with a feeling of disappointment—there seemed after all to be so very, very little of it. So much suggested that one hoped in vain to come to later on, so much one wanted to know more, to know all about. And that is the sorry reward an author will get from most readers for his self-denying loyalty to the cause of scientific research.

For the book is mainly just what its title professes, a careful record of ethnological facts collected during a prolonged residence among a people in the prehistoric stage. Such facts we usually get interspersed through charming travel-books, and sometimes systematically arranged in special sections, as in Sir Harry Johnston's work on Central Africa; even further back than old Ellis's "Polynesian Researches" pre-scientific attempts were made at exhaustive records of "Manners and Customs." But this new book is remarkable in that it is, at least so far as I know, the first where a traveller has written purely with the aim and from the point of view of an ethnological *collector* in accordance with the latest and strictest requirements of the savants of the science. The authors had no preconceived theories to support; they verified over and over again the results of their inquiries; they give a careful classified list of their chief informants; they are scrupulous to distinguish first-hand information from second-hand, only mentioning still vaguer rumours by way of illustration; as eye-witnesses they are almost too fastidious in their adherence to the self-restraint of trained observers; their meagre references to themselves, their experiences and adventures are only made as evidences of their qualifications and opportunities as observers and recorders; incidentally they must needs now and then speculate and theorise a little, but it is always in a tentative and suggestive way; above all they are ever on their guard against verbiage and rigmarole. All these rare graces must endear them to the ethnologist, but on the other hand the book is far from scientific perfection. Some repetition, confusion, and cross-division arises from the authors each undertaking separate departments. Thus a distinct popular element has crept in, due to the personal note—the unpretending simplicity, vigour, and humour of the narration and the incidental references to personal experiences. But to this the general reader will only object that it whets his thirst for more.

Since they scrupulously ignore it, we will not here refer to the services which Mr. and Mrs. Routledge—her sympathy with the oppressed is hereditary—rendered to the cause of humanity and righteousness. English hypocrisy has already forgotten that hideous scandal; the mote in the Congo eye absorbs all our indignation. And now ethnology owes them much for their observation and record of a primitive civilisation on the point of corruption or extinction. Here we should note that though their qualifications and opportunities seemed at first sight exceptional, what they have done many others might have done during the last thirty years—may even yet do among different savage races before it is too late. Here offers a career most useful, yet rich in pleasant interest for any young man of wealth, health, intelligence, and adventurous instinct. Certain previous training is of course necessary, which the military or civil official, the missionary, the explorer and the sportsman, our previous authorities, have hitherto seldom enjoyed. Take the author's case. Very early he had the mysterious "call" to the office and work of explorer, and fortunately possessed the health, strength, and ample means to obey it. At Oxford he read up his subjects, took some practice—one Long Vacation camping in Labrador, then rather a *terra nova*—went through the London medical course, saw something of the world in his yacht, and finally yielded to the strange magnetic attraction of Africa, and in 1902 settled down among the as yet unsubdued Akikúyu people, in the newly acquired province of British East Africa, constructing his headquarters camp near Nyéri, about midway between the then just completed railway and Mount Kenia, which he hoped always in vain to be allowed to explore and ascend. In 1904 he left his camp in charge of his headmen, came to England, was practising surveying (with a view to Kenia) in Oxford under some professor of geodetics, married a lady who adopted his interests and returned with her to Nyéri. In the division of labour he collected material on arts and crafts, dress, ornaments, etc. —language has been already fully treated by Mr. Macgregor of the C.M.S.; she, having access to their huts, investigated the status and customs of the women. Her reports are probably the most minute, intimate, and accurate which have hitherto appeared about the position of the female savage in any country. She also collected the folk-stories and the material for Part II. on Social and Political Life. Mrs. Routledge disclaims any previous special knowledge of ethnology beyond that of early English institutions, from which I infer that during her Oxford course at Somerville College she read for the History School. She is also a M.A. of Dublin, and handles her subjects as a philosopher. Which does not surprise me—in either of the authors. With ability and zeal you can in colleges and libraries transform yourself into a very highly educated person; but not necessarily into a philosopher. For that there is no better finishing-school than a sojourn with Nature and Nature's children. There most readily can you unlearn the superfluous, the accidental, the relative, and recognise and familiarise yourself with the essentials. In these latter days the Perfect Philosopher would be one who had learned most and unlearned most. The notes on religion were collected by both authors. Mr. Routledge's health having suffered from the climate, they broke up the camp and—I think last year—returned.

They have laid a sure foundation, but theirs was indeed but pioneer work. Let us hope that others as competent and zealous will go out to exhaust this vast field ere it be too late, to give us once for all a complete and authentic

* "With a Prehistoric People: The Akikúyu of East Africa." By W. Scoresby Routledge, M.A., and Katherine Routledge, M.A. 21s. (Arnold.)

knowledge of a primitive people—half a million strong, spread over a wide area, a people of the iron age, whose savagery, or rather culture, illustrates so remarkably that of our own ancestors. It should be noted that Mr. Routledge's camp lay close to an imaginary frontier, beyond which he was forbidden to penetrate into the "unsubdued country." The Government, which has so much to unlearn, was probably wrong, and Mr. Routledge might safely have gone to Mount Kenia or wherever else he chose. The official mind would hardly understand his position. The natives did. From first to last he never had any serious trouble with them, though at times endangered by the primitive raids in which the Government employed the ferocious Masai as mercenaries to put down the Akikúyu. The reason is clear enough. The natives hate the licentious, bullying British official; they laugh at the puling sentimentalist; the good missionary they despise as a poor ignorant creature hired to come and change their customs, which he does not half understand. But here was a great chief with a large retinue and many desirable goods, who with no bad design chose to reside and hunt in their country. For, primitive as they are, the Akikúyu, like the Chicagan, respects wealth and despises poverty. Then this chief had nothing to do with hut-taxes and tiresome Government rules. And an intimate friend, too, of their own chiefs. Matthew Arnold regarded the typical Christ Church man like Mr. Routledge as a barbarian. So he is, and that is just why he gets on so well with other barbarians, black, yellow—all shades nearly to white. As among many savage races, the chiefs of the Akikúyu are in their way well-bred and self-respecting gentlemen, and will recognise as a chief, a gentleman, a member of the ruling class, in short as one of themselves, your true British barbarian—big, strong, athletic—friendly and straightforward—no nervous self-assertion, but the careless ease and confidence of an assured position—easy-going and pleasant-spoken, yet not a fool to be taken in, or to put up with liberties. Indeed the author with all his modesty cannot deny the personal equation and owns that while he and such as he find the Akikúyu truthful, just, amiable, polite, and singularly honest, others have found that they can make themselves very disagreeable—lying, treacherous, even murderous.

The book so bristles with hooks whereon to hang comments that I cannot here even make use of the notes I have taken, so will only huddle together a few brief remarks. First as to the plates: those from photographs of objects in the author's collection (since presented to the British Museum) are almost as valuable for study as the originals, owing to the minute descriptions appended. Very remarkable are the careful illustrations of the separate stages and processes in iron-working, chain-making, and above all pot-modelling. And such pots! One plate gives a cinerary urn of the bronze age, dug up in Dorset, and side by side an almost identical pot made by the Akikúyu women, only still more majestic, opulent, and soul-satisfying—would that I had that pot for my lilies till I die, and then for my ashes! The most interesting object figured is a gourd rattle, such as the wandering dancing-boys carry, and on which they record by picture-writing and shells the events of each day. Here alone I have misgivings. After careful study, I strongly suspect that the decipherer was a bungler in the science, and when at fault invented interpretations.

Though this people do not attempt any form of pictures, I should be disposed to rate their artistic taste very much higher than Mr. Routledge ventures to do. The lines and colours in the designs on their dancing shields seem very pure and harmonious. The Akikúyu are now our fellow-subjects and I think we may almost be proud of them. It is pleasant to read of their strong marital, paternal, and filial affection, of their peaceful, peaceable home-life, of their courtesy, even chivalry—or something still better, for even the chiefs and the young warriors always make way for an aged woman. A superficial observer would denounce the lot of the women as laborious, degraded, and oppressed. Mrs. Routledge as a philosopher sees deeper, farther round, and pronounces it as a whole very happy. Polygamy—well, it is the wife who is always teasing the husband to buy another young wife or two—to help her with the garden! The notes on law, especially on the nuncupative wills, are quite invaluable. So, too, are the short folk-stories, both intrinsically and from the care with which they are recorded. Strangely enough the first seems to combine the legends of Iphigenia and Eurydice. It is sad to think that these and other higher barbarians would have so much to lose and so little to gain by our civilisation, if only they could unlearn a few pernicious and burdensome superstitions and customs, the whole of the wretched "initiation" business for one. On the whole life seems as easy, full, and wholesome under Kenia as here, and soon it must become a stupid caricature of ours. The dear old joke called democracy appears in Kikúyu in its latest version. With the scandals of our London Boards of Guardians still in its nostrils our Parliament still chatters glibly about the blessings of self-government, and then of course proceeds to destroy the efficient and educative local government of these primitive people and substitute a paternal despotism or bureaucracy which must sink them to discontented apathy, or rouse them to futile revolt.

I had hoped to quote a few passages of ripe wisdom, or picturesque charm, but have only room just to point to the striking and suggestive last paragraph of Mr. Routledge's preface, and the sympathetic magic of the sentence (p. 286) by which his wife introduces the folk-tales. I have now done and the most important point shall be my postcript. This book has, it seems, been a great, perhaps an unexpected success. Should it not embolden the authors to offer us another? What I, and, I feel sure, many others would relish, is a purely personal account of the authors' life among and dealings with the people from the first. No sporting—we have had so much of that lately. Scenery—of course; but what we want most is the people, their sayings and doings. From their portraits one is strongly interested in those intelligent craftsmen, those fine young warriors, the three young ladies in fringes—what familiar types they each are—the sedate alderman, the portly churchwarden, the women, the children—in all. We have been introduced to them; why should we not become more intimate? We are not even told whether that arch young paladin of the frontispiece is, as I suspect, the boy-chief Wamáhu, the author's constant companion! This precise thing has never yet been done; it is worth doing; while their memories are fresh the authors could do it. I only wish they would. It would have a profound significance for the illuminated, and most assuredly it should please everybody worth pleasing.

Y. Y.

Novel Notes.

THE AWAKENING OF ZOJAS. By Miriam Michelson. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

American short stories are often better worthy of consideration than those which our native writers can supply. Such a statement as this, of course, barely admits of convincing proof, but we can at least point to one book of the kind which is of sufficient merit to bear comparison with almost any recently issued book of short stories by an English writer. Miss Michelson's name is unknown to us,

but "The Awakening of Zojas" is far from being her first effort. One may take it, therefore, that this book is not merely a flash in the pan, but is, what it appears to be, a serious and considered piece of literary work. There are four tales in this little volume, and the best, to our mind, is the title-story. However, the others are at least not far below the high measure of excellence to which it attains. The stories are all dramatic, perhaps ultra-dramatic; we can, however, strongly recommend this book as thoroughly sound work by a writer who knows her business. For the benefit of those who usually avoid American fiction, it should be mentioned that the stories are not distinctively of any nationality.

IN A WHITE PALACE. By Louise Mack. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

A heroine who has been imprisoned for kleptomania and who secures a situation as secretary in Venice by personating a friend seems rather a handicap upon the writer of a romance. Miss Mack, however, brings Rhoda Pierce through. She is married by her employer, the barrister who secured her condemnation. His blindness enables her to remain undetected, and eventually he recognises her innocence although his recovery of eye-sight after their marriage coincides with his discovery of her past. Two of the most delightful characters are little Betty Mannering and her young American lover. They form a counterfoil to the circle who suspect Miss Pierce. The Venetian scenes are capitally drawn. After them, the plot is hurried to rather a conventional ending. Forlorn heroines of fiction still go on the stage and achieve a wonderful success. It is better than dying or going into a nunnery, but perhaps novelists will succeed soon in striking out a fresh way of delivering their injured beauties from the coil of adverse circumstances. Apart from this rather banal close, the story is uncommonly bright.

MARQUESS SPLENDID. By Annie O. Tibbits. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

The side of life in which "Marquess Splendid," the Marquis of Glenavon, shines is portrayed vividly, and with a great amount of tact. Few writers could draw so clear a portrait of such a man and handle his mode of living with the reticence that Mrs. Tibbits shows. It would have been so easy to overdo his character; but she never overdoes it. Her pen portrait of him is a distinct triumph. The catalogue of the Marquis's reckless and foolish actions dates back over a dozen years, to the time when he first came into a vast inheritance. Ever since that time his name has figured continuously in the newspapers, and his follies have been public talk. He is not a thoroughly bad man, though weak and foolish and quite bad enough. On the night the story opens, he gives a reception to which Society comes flocking, all agog with curiosity, to see the "eccentric" Marquis. He surprises them all, as well as his intimate friends, by his dignified, quiet demeanour. For the Marquis has made up his mind to turn over a new leaf, and the following day he confides to a friend the reason. He tells him that six years previously he came across a beautiful little girl of twelve who was starving; he adopted her, took her to a solicitor with a family of his own, and provided him with money to educate and take care of her. He has never seen her since. He wants her to be different from all the other women he has ever met—the women in his "set." And now he dreams great dreams of meeting and marrying her, turning his back on his old life and starting afresh with this young, innocent girl. The meeting of the Marquis and the girl is one of the most powerful scenes in the book; what happens takes the reader totally by surprise. The subsequent doings of the Marquis and how he is ultimately saved from himself keep the reader absorbed with interest to the end.

KILMENY OF THE ORCHARD. By K. L. Montgomery. 6s. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.)

This is a pretty idyll of Prince Edward Island, in which a dumb beauty suddenly recovers her voice in a shock of fear for her lover. Many readers of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea" will turn eagerly to another novel from the same pen. They will not get so good a story; still, it is good enough to read and enjoy. The charm of it is twofold: partly the atmosphere and partly the dramatic interest of Kilmeny's fate. The girl appears in the last scene, dressed in blue; "her glossy black hair was wound about her head in a braided coronet, against which a spray of wild asters shone like pale purple stars. Her face was flushed delicately with excitement. She looked like a young princess, crowned with a ruddy splash of sunlight that fell through the old trees." This is the heroine, and the story of her awakening to love is as pretty and unsophisticated as herself.

THE HOUSE OF THE SLEEPING WINDS. By Enys Tregarthen. 5s. net. (Rebman.)

A dainty book of Piskey stories that possesses a rare and subtle charm is "The House of the Sleeping Winds." The stories, most of them based on Cornish folklore, will be warmly appreciated by children of all ages who are still wise enough and happy enough to take an interest in fairies. We can learn by reading these tales what happens to mortals who put on Piskey garments, or eat Piskey food, and what a mortal must do when he is Piskey-laden, and many other wonderful Piskey things; also there are a couple of quaint songs, and once you have played over the Wishing Song and the Witch-Hag's Song, you will undoubtedly be haunted by the melodies for some considerable time after. The volume is altogether refreshing and enjoyable, and we should like to second the writer of the Preface to Miss Enys Tregarthen's book, who says:

"When the woman came to where the Elf Man was sitting, he slipped off the boulder, caught hold of her gown, and the next minute was in her great calico pocket looking out over its top."
From "The House of the Sleeping Winds," by Enys Tregarthen. (Rebman.)

"I heartily recommend these tales to all children between six and ninety years of age." The illustrations are excellent.

HELEN OF ALL TIME. By W. Holt-White. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Holt-White, greatly daring, has made Helen of Troy his heroine, and he has followed Homer in making her the occasion of endless trouble to her lovers. But there the parallel ends. It is Helen reincarnate first of all in the ward of a Corsican gentleman, and then in her own daughter by a dour Shetland laird, who sets the pages of this novel moving. Her unearthly beauty draws inconvenient crowds round her. More inconveniently still, it exposes her and her cousin to the unwelcome attentions of a young Corsican who possesses an air-ship. In the end, the air-ship proves the undoing of the lady and her friends—a singularly ineffective and unheroic close! The ownership of an air-ship should not outweigh all the virtues upon earth. One has the feeling that the author might have made more of his subject. His Helen has none of the devilry of her Greek prototype. Her beauty is passive; she feels rather cursed by it than otherwise. However, Mr. Holt-White provides his readers with a string of sensational adventures, and his plot is daring enough. The scene ranges from Shetland to Corsica, from London to Canada and New York. There is no lack of variety or of dramatic interest, although the author would have pleased his readers better if he had dealt in Homeric style with young Marabelle.

THE POOL OF FLAME. Further Adventures of Terence O'Rourke. By Louis J. Vance. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Vance naively dedicates his story to "Garnett, because he said he liked it." Let us congratulate the unknown Garnett on his literary taste. Colonel Terence O'Rourke, once an officer of the French Foreign Legion in Algiers, has hair-breadth escapes in securing and convoying to its destination a magnificent ruby which had been stolen from a Buddhist temple in India. It is his adventures by land and sea which stir the pages of this novel. His rather quixotic relations with his wife are the only unreal touch in the story. Otherwise, Mr. Vance has written a first-rate sensational romance. Danny is capital; his love-affairs make one wish to hear more of him. The other characters are more conventional, but the story is alive with action, and the Irish hero forms a very attractive figure of adventure. He is a bonny fighter, like Alan Breck, and he needs to be.

WRACK. By Maurice Drake. 6s. (Duckworth.)

The first half of this book is capital, "the real right thing." Old Sir Charles Steed, the millionaire ship-owner, with his talk of ships and the sea, is a great character all round, and the salvage ship with its crew of remarkable men is as interesting to the reader as it was to Philip Stennis, the hero. But then, half-way through, just where Stennis comes to grief, letting passion over-ride common sense and common honesty and intelligence, there the story goes to pieces too; and the latter half, hopelessly disfigured by a mass of unconvincing improbabilities and tiresome tenth-rate melodrama, is only redeemed by the fine description of the North Sea collier, picking its way week in, week out, between the chilly east coast shoals, the same weary track each time. Dealing with the sea, Mr. Maurice Drake is in his element, and he rises to the quality of his subject. As long as the smell of the sea comes from his work we recognise the quite exceptional talent of the author. Unfortunately Mr. Drake having got Stennis, who is really at bottom a good chap, into a deplorable mess, can find no other way of getting him out except by making him achieve a monstrous success with a first novel and sending him into Parliament. It's right enough, and true enough, that seamen, being to all intents and purposes without votes, suffer for their disability, and their welfare is cheerfully disregarded by our legislators. We don't quarrel with Mr. Drake for pleading their cause, and demanding their representation in Parliament. Only when he makes Philip Stennis get returned, without opposition, for a Thames Valley constituency as a Conservative financed by the Seamen's Union, we know that things political don't happen like that.

AN AVERTED MARRIAGE. By Percy White. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Percy White does not often publish a book of short stories, but the quality of "An Averted Marriage" is so excellent that a critic is very easily tempted to ask why he does so little in this form of literary art. The magazines to-day are filled with short stories, but, as a rule, they are poor, weak, indecisive short stories, and we are certain that their readers would be all the brighter and happier for the services of a recruit of the stamp of the author of "The West End." His attitude towards the problems of life is invariably sound, tolerant, and wholesome; and he also possesses that deft touch which can make all the characters concerned in an episode warm, palpitating, and human without rendering them unpleasantly vocal or aggressive. The title "An Averted Marriage" is not, perhaps, the best that could have been found for this collection—but it cannot be denied that the stories themselves exhibit the best side of Mr. Percy White's literary gifts.

CONVICT 413 L. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

"Jim! Look at my lady there!—the widow! Hasn't she got every bit the cut of the swell woman that stood by and looked on in the moonlight when this poor chap that they're burying now was murdered. . . . She's got the same figure, the same turn of the head, the same—well, so help me! if there isn't the man that was with her—the murderer himself! . . . And he's one of the mourners, and looks as if he was pretty well broken up with grief!" Thus is Richard Gartney, famous detective, identified at the funeral of his victim by two burglars who have witnessed the murder. Yet their tongues are tied and they are unable to come forward and save the hero of Mrs. Leighton's story from becoming "413 L." The excitement becomes still more intense when Gartney is picked out to track down the murderer—himself. It would be difficult to imagine a more thrilling series of complications than go to the making of Mrs. Leighton's new book; the plot is sensational and absorbing from start to finish, and incidentally throws some interesting light on the ways of warders and prison life in general.

LORD LOVELAND DISCOVERS AMERICA. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 6s. (Methuen.)

Lord Loveland, penniless, conceited, and good-looking, is introduced to us fresh from his ignominious refusal by the Last Resort, a Hebrew damsel with many money-bags and "important-looking teeth." His doting mother raises the sum of a hundred and fifty pounds by desperate shifts, and the hope of the family buys some new clothes and sails for America, the land where rich and beautiful young women flourish in their thousands, with a view to bestowing his noble hand on the most deserving and retrieving the fortunes of the family. He meets several American girls on the boat, but Lesley, the most attractive in his private estimation, is ineligible in his eyes by reason of being a struggling novelist and comparatively poverty-stricken. Val Loveland gets to New York and installs himself at the Waldorf-Astorias preparatory to setting out seriously upon his quest; but owing to a practical joke on the part of a relative at home and a

number of remarkable coincidences, his pretensions to rank and fashion are rejected by New York Society. He is, in short, taken for his own absconding valet, Foxham. Driven from his hotel, friendless, almost without clothes, and entirely without money, Val has a very hard struggle to live at all, but his better qualities bring him through a difficult ordeal with flying colours. Eventually Lesley, who turns out to be an author and playwright of international fame and a fabulous banking account, gets into touch with him, and insists upon re-engaging his young affections, that seem always to have been really hers. And all the mistakes are explained and every one is jolly. But Jim Harborough, the cousin on this side responsible for much of the trouble, should never have played such a foolish and unforgiveable practical joke. This is the weak point of an otherwise workmanlike story.

KING AND CAPTIVE. By A. Whisper. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This is a well-written romantic story of Pharaoh, Seti Merenptah, King of Egypt 1342 B.C., and of Nefert, a Greek maiden whom he loved and who loved him in return. The author gives us a powerful study of this strong, just king, brave and fearless in war and tender in his love, and the character of Nefert is drawn with no less skill. She conquers the heart of the great ruler and soldier, but her love is of the right sort, and Pharaoh is the better man for this affection. Nefert, the Lady Isis Nefert, as she is entitled when Pharaoh ends her slavery, wants neither to share the throne nor the honours of her lord; she does not covet jewels or riches. All she will have is a house to herself, "'where I can come and go unwatched by curious eyes —and where I can have leisure to scribe, and—I would read——' 'To read and scribe?' surprised: it was not the demand of the ordinary pretty woman." Naturally the court was astonished when the wish was granted. But the court did not know that Nefert had saved Pharaoh's life by revealing to her lord a plot she had overheard for the king's destruction. The love-making of Pharaoh and the maiden in those far-off years in ancient Egypt stands out very vividly, and is depicted with considerable feeling. The secondary characters, Rameses, son of Seti Antufi, the king's friend, General Rānofir the traitor, and the placid old queen, are all good. Pathos and tragedy mark the end of this story of the great king.

THE LOST VALLEY. By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Nash.)

Mr. Algernon Blackwood's stories are by this time well known. In "The Lost Valley" all the author's remarkable powers are once more well displayed. He occupies a position by himself among present-day writers. He possesses many of the qualities of the mystic—the supernatural, in fact, has an invincible attraction for him. The stories in the book under consideration are fairly well assorted, but Mr. Blackwood's manner gives a sense of strain and of hysteria. The second tale—"The Wendigo"—is more matter-of-fact, and does not revel in quite so many superlatives. In consequence, it is far and away the most impressive of the stories, and is certainly one of the best "horror" stories that we have ever read. If Mr. Blackwood's latest volume shows no advance upon his earlier work in this vein, it is certainly not a falling-off, and that is saying much. A word of praise must be bestowed upon the eight designs—they cannot be called illustrations—by Mr. W. Graham Robertson.

RAGNA. By Anna Costantini. 6s. (Greening.)

We have grown accustomed to authors who begin with a good and mature book. Sometimes it is their only good book, but from a perusal of the present volume one would hardly think that the Signora Costantini will allow herself to rush precipitately into print through any glory she may gain from "Ragna." For it strikes us that she is a calm and thoughtful labourer. Not only the Norwegian and Italian atmosphere, but the psychology is well conveyed; and if she has not given us the whole of her experience there is no reason why we should not look for further books. If "Ragna" is a transcript, more than something of imagination, it may be that the author has nothing else to tell us. And for the moment it is interesting to consider how much of this novel really happened, which of the characters are real people. Such inquiry is beside the mark, of course, in estimating an æsthetic value, but we wish to know if we may hope for further fruits from the Signora's imagination. The best character is Valentini, the husband of poor Ragna, who seems to be a living subject of the King of Italy—poor King! But another excellent character is Ferrati, who very probably does not what we call exist. The book is written very smoothly, though it would be advantageous if a trifle of the smoothness had been sacrificed to waywardness or charm. But for a first book it is admirable.

The Bookman's Table.

DUDLEY HARDY, R.I., R.M.S. By A. E. Johnson. 3s. 6d. net. (Adam & Charles Black.)

One of these days we shall realise that in Dudley Hardy we have an artist of the highest power, and Mr. Johnson's vivacious essay will go a considerable way towards bringing about this desirable state. To the general public Hardy is a depicter of the urbane sides of life in more or less facetious terms of black and white; and there are many still who recollect his amazingly clever posters of some ten years ago—the "Yellow Girl" of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Dudley Hardy.**

To-day, and the Savoy Opera series. But masterly as this work is, it is but one phase of Dudley Hardy's genius. He is also a painter who can more than hold his own with some of the greatest living masters of brush and palette. To those who are unaware of this, the present volume will come as a revelation, for among the fifty-four illustrations, eight of which are in colour, several are devoted to his work in oil and water-colour. The volume is a timely and excellent contribution to modern art brochures; the illustrations are well chosen, and the fact that the name of A. & C. Black appears on the title-page means that they are well reproduced.

MY MEMOIRS. By the Princess Caroline Murat. 15s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"I live over again the years from 1848 to 1870—the years when I really *lived*—when each day brought some new pleasure, some fresh excitement, a wished-for jewel, a 'sentiment' or a caprice. The days when the first thought in the morning was, 'What shall we do to amuse ourselves?' the last thought, 'How shall we amuse ourselves to-morrow?'" If the Second Empire was only capable of producing such an ideal of life as this, even its most ardent admirers and apologists must admit that it was well the curtain was rung down on the last of the Buonaparte dramas in 1870. Princess Caroline Murat, who voices these butterfly sentiments in her posthumous memoirs, was the grand-daughter of Joachim Murat, the inn-keeper's son who was given Caroline Buonaparte in marriage and the Kingdom of Naples by Napoleon I. Born in exile in America in 1833, Princess Caroline first visited France in 1848, when the downfall of the Monarchy of July cleared the way for the presidency of her cousin, Louis Napoleon, and the foundation of the Second Empire. Princess Caroline died in 1902. The Memoirs are especially interesting for their references to the Empress Eugénie and the account they contain of the latter-day Buonapartes. Not even Lady Cardigan could be more frank than the Princess in her remarks about personages still alive. She agrees with the general estimate that has been formed, that had Napoleon III. married his cousin, Princess Mathilde, instead of Eugénie de Montijo, or had the Duc de Morny survived the year 1865, the Second Empire might have been firmly established to this day. The book is a deeply interesting addition to that ever-increasing literature which deals with the amazing family of the Buonapartes.

THE ODYSSEY. Books XVII.—XXIV. Translated by J. W. Mackail. 5s. net. (Murray.)

It is a strange thing that the metre which we shall always associate with the hedonism of Omar Khayyam should prove itself the fittest English equivalent of Homer's glorious hexameter. But such indeed is the case. Professor Mackail has just completed his translation of the Odyssey into Fitzgerald's famous *a a b a* stanza, and the result amply justifies his bold innovation. If he wanted to translate Homer—and who has not?—some innovation was necessary. Blank verse, the peculiar glory of our home-grown poetry, has been proved time and again unsuitable for such purposes. Morris' gallopers failed as signally as Pope's heroics. The Spenserian stanza employed by Worsley is far too elaborate. The Swinburnian, as opposed to the Popish, heroic suggests itself, but would probably become monotonous; while there are few who could invest the simple ballad stanza with sufficient dignity. The Omar quatrain with its break at every third line—for Mr. Mackail follows FitzGerald and does not employ either of Swinburne's devices—turns out to possess unity and variety in exactly the right proportions, while repeated enjambments do away with the incongruity of translating by stanzas poetry that has none. But Professor Mackail is not dependent on his happy choice of metre alone for the success of his work. Not only is he a poet: one does not suppose that he would claim to be so considerable a poet as Pope or Morris, or even Chapman, but none of these were of the right temper, while Professor Mackail has shown, in his "Select Epigrams" and in his "Latin Literature," that he has a wonderful imaginative sympathy with the classic spirit. That is the main reason why his Odyssey is a meet fellow to Professor Murray's Euripides and Mr. Rogers' Aristophanes; higher praise than which it would be difficult to accord. No translation is perfect, least of all a translation of what is probably the greatest poem in the world; but Professor Mackail's imperfections are comparative only. Except for occasional weak lines, which were inevitable, all one can say is that he is less successful with such vigorous passages as the Slaying of the Suitors than with the idyllism of the sixth and eighth books. That is a condition of his metre, which, pre-eminently suitable as it is for the greater part of the Odyssey, could not, one feels, be used to translate the Iliad. On the whole, this is a splendid achievement. Only less admirable than its fidelity to the spirit, the serene, golden spirit of the original, is its extraordinary fidelity to the letter. It is an exquisite felicity that can find "toilworn bright Odysseus" as the equivalent for *πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς*.

THE POEMS OF JOHANNA AMBROSIUS. Rendered into English by Ellen Kullmann. 3s. 6d. net. (Sherratt & Hughes.)

We are told that these poems reveal the thoughts of a poor peasant woman, who was born in 1854 at Lengwethen, a tiny village in the east of Prussia. She has undergone great hardships and we fear it must be said that even now those hardships have not ceased; for these translations do not very well reveal her thoughts. Opposite each printed page there is a blank one, where the German poem might have been set down. As it is we reconstruct it for ourselves. We put aside the frailties of the translator and we see what this good peasant woman has to show. Here is a stanza where the English is quite fair and the German surely excellent:

"Galloping winds, they chased me along:
Marvellous things saw I;
The stars as playmates oft have I sought
Among the heavens high!"

It is a deeply interesting little book, for we are in the presence of a genius and in the presence of a lady whose technique does not, as yet at all events, allow her to become a playmate of a star. Whether these poems have had any vogue in the original we do not know. The translator has not been, as she would say, "with rev'rence filled." Such words as "utt'ring" "mis'ry" and "weepingly," such lines as "To a column of pain chained" —well, it is not possible to say of them, in the translator's words, "my joy are thou." It also seems a little cruel of Miss Kullmann to suggest Johanna's lack of education by the rhyming of "wide" with "void." Let us, however, end on a fine verse of Johanna's:

"A rose I gather'd, the finest, the best,
A blossom sweet as the breath of morn,
But, when I pinned it on to my breast,
Wither'd the petals, I felt but the thorn."

ACROSS YUNNAN. By Archibald Little. 3s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low & Co.)

Few writers of recent years have had a larger or more intimate knowledge of China and its people than the late Mr. Archibald Little. He spent the best part of his life there, and before his death had gathered into three or four books an invaluable record of his observations, experiences, and opinions on things Chinese. "Across

Yunnan" was originally written in the form of letters to the *North China Herald*, and it is now edited by Mrs. Archibald Little, who mentions in a prefatory note that it contains her husband's freshly written impressions of the last journey in China that he and she made together. From start to finish the journey covered over 1,160 miles of country, and Mr. Little's shrewdly descriptive account of the things seen by the way, the aspect, resources, and possibilities of Yunnan and the condition of the inhabitants, is a vivid and admirably suggestive piece of work. He gives a careful report on the progress of the remarkable French railway line now completed to Yunnan-fu, and his comparisons between British and French methods of colonisation are as instructive as they are interesting. The book is illustrated with a number of photographs and contains an excellent map.

BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND: "The Thames," by G. E. Mitton; "Windsor Castle," by Edward Thomas; "Shakespeare-land," by Walter Jerrold. All illustrated by Ernest W. Haslehust. 2s. net each. (Blackie.)

We have already noticed the first volumes of Messrs. Blackie's admirable new series, and the three volumes above mentioned are at any rate equally attractive. The drawback of such a series is that it will probably be found possible only to include accounts of well-known places. Of course the publishers are right. They would not be able to sell more than a very few copies of books descriptive of places which as yet have been passed over by the general public. Meanwhile, we are thankful for what we can get. Everybody knows, for instance, that Windsor Castle is one of the stock sights of England, but never before has it been possible to obtain a short work by so well-known a writer as Mr. Edward Thomas, which is not exactly a guide-book, and is not written round the illustrations, and yet gives in an admirably concise form all details which the ordinary visitor to Windsor needs. A considerable amount of research and trouble has also been necessitated by the little book upon Stratford-on-Avon and the neighbouring villages which comes from the pen of Mr. Walter Jerrold. If it be possible to say anything fresh of Stratford we are sure that Mr. Jerrold has said it; his point of view is original and his book admirably fulfils the purpose of the series. The Thames was rather too large a subject to be dismissed in the small amount of space at the disposal of Mr. G. E. Mitton, but the author supplies a very good popular account of the river between London and Oxford, The books each possess twelve coloured illustrations by E. W. Haslehust. These pictures give a good idea of their several subjects, and they are reproduced in a manner superior to any that we have seen at the price.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

"Speed is the greatest thing in the world." This is not a maxim from an American work on ethics, but the suddenly realised conviction of Stephen Sanderson, a chauffeur, whose remarkable adventures are recorded in **The Sixth Speed**, by E. J. Rath (6s.). Sanderson discovered the means of making a motor-boat travel at the rate of two miles a minute, and embarked on a novel form of high-seas piracy. His adventures soon became an international question, and the British Admiralty found itself powerless to deal with this new and terrible craft. For Sanderson there appeared to be no end but the gallows, when suddenly there arose a war between Britain and Japan, and the pirate became his country's saviour. Mr. Rath is to be congratulated on the excellent use he has made of a novel idea, but an idea which recent events forbid any one to call fantastic.

MESSRS. JOHN LONG, LTD.

The story that Mr. Walter Seymour tells in his **Ups and Downs of a Wandering Life** (10s. 6d.) is a pleasant reminder that picturesque romance is still alive in these reputed prosaic days. A scion of a family famous in our naval annals, the author has had a life singularly full of adventure and varied experiences. He gives us first-hand accounts of early-Victorian public-school life, of Civil Service experiences in the Admiralty and in the House of Commons, and from London in the middle of last century he transports us to the lawless life of the Argentine and Paraguay. And from the Argentine we come back to the Stock Exchange, only to be off again to Venezuela and South Africa. Mr. Seymour's experiences might freight a hundred creditable novels of adventure. Instead of these, we have a single volume of reminiscences of fascinating interest. The book is full of good things racily told.

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When Mrs. Sara Andrew Shafer found that, much as she loved and delighted in gardens, she could not have one, instead of allowing a self-pitying melancholy to creep over her she determined to have a garden in spite of circumstances—a garden in the imagination, a garden made up from memories, and books, and thoughts, a garden which need be limited by no boundary-marks, need be at the mercy of no blights or storms. The result is to be found in **A White-Paper Garden** (7s. 6d. net), a delightful book, which takes each month as it comes, and meanders on in a sort of flower causerie. The author becomes very real to us, as does the garden become to herself, as the months pass. It is a spacious pleasaunce of the mind, which pleases by its variety, its refinement, its practical help, and its bright hopefulness. Some very charming and really artistic illustrations are included.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

There are delightfully humorous passages and some capital descriptive sketches in **Autumn Impressions of the Gironde**, by I. Giberne Sieveking (3s. 6d. net). Miss Sieveking has not been conducted through France as an orthodox tourist, or rushed through it in a motor-car; she has taken her time, travelling in the spirit of the true traveller, with an observant eye for scenery and people—for the people more especially—wherever she has gone. Her pen-pictures of the oyster fishery in Arcachon, the market-place of Bordeaux, the ancient town of Poitiers, are admirably realistic and alive with interest. There are amusing accounts of hotel life and the vicissitudes of travel; it all makes very interesting reading, and is useful as a guide-book into the bargain. The photographic illustrations are uncommonly good.

Ancient Headdress in Airvault (Deux Sèvres).
From "Autumn Impressions of the Gironde," by I. Giberne Sieveking. (Digby, Long.)

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS.

Mr. Charles Kinross is a new poet; we remember reading ballads of his in the *English Review*, and we are glad of the opportunity of re-reading them in **The Ballad of John Dunn and Other Poems** (1s. net), which we believe is his first book. His work has distinction and a high imaginative quality that grips you with a subtle power in such virile, haunting things as "The Fight at Chester-le-Street," and in the fine ballad that gives its title to this little volume. One or two of the lyrics are slight and bald and might have been omitted with advantage, but most of them have some touch of fancy or beauty of utterance to recommend them and to make one look forward to a second book from the hand that wrote them.

MR. FISHER UNWIN.

The Rod of Justice, by Alice and Claude Askew (6s.), is a dramatic romance, with a Boer farmer and his cousin Keziah, and two English people as the principal actors; their characters are strongly contrasted, and they make an intensely interesting quartette. The action takes place in South Africa, and the story, which in some respects is not altogether unlike "The Shulamite," is powerfully written and well maintains the reputation of the authors of that famous book.

New Books of the Month.

FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CURTIS, EDWARD LEWIS, PH.D., D.D., and ALBERT ALONZO MADSEN, PH.D.—A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Books of Chronicles. International Critical Commentary. 12s. ..... (T. & T. Clark)
DEWLY, DAISY.—Problems of Your Generation. 4s. (The Arden Press, New York)
HAMILTON, MARY, M.A., D.LITT.—Greek Saints and their Festivals. 5s. net .....(Blackwood)
HOLLAND, HENRY SCOTT.—Fibres of Faith. 1s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner)
INGRAM, A. F. WINNINGTON, D.D., Bishop of London.—The Mysteries of God. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner)
MELEGARI, DORA.—Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy. Translated by Marian Lindsay. $1.25 net (Funk & Wagnalls)
PETRIE, W. M. FLINDERS.—The Growth of the Gospels as Shewn by Structural Criticism. 2s. 6d. net (Murray)
RAILTON, COMMANDER GEORGE S.—Day by Day in the S.A. Being a Brief Account of Salvation Army Work in Various Countries. With a Preface by General Booth and a Frontispiece .....(The Salvation Army)

NEW EDITIONS.

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Prayer, The Book of Common. In many beautiful bindings. At all prices .....(Oxford University Press)
Prayer Book, The Commemoration. In Commemoration of the death of King Edward VII. In two sizes and various bindings. 1s. 6d. net to 13s. 6d. net (Oxford Univ. Press)

FICTION.

ADAMS, JANE.—The Test. 6s. .....(Long)
BARNES-GRUNDY, MABEL.—Two Men and Gwenda. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
BEARDMORE, G. RUSSELL.—The Career of Freda. 6s. (Long)
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COBB, THOMAS.—Margaret Rutland. 6s. ....(Mills & Boon)
COSTANTINI, ANNA.—Ragna. With Coloured Frontispiece by the Author. 6s. .....(Greening)
CULLEN, WILLIAM ROBERT.—The Unwedded Bride. 6s. (Long)
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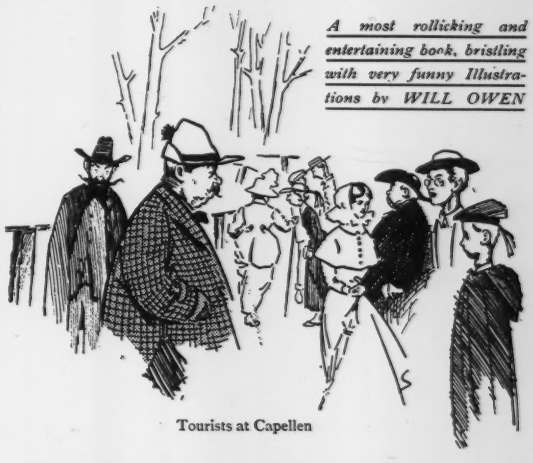

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